HOPEFUL PATRIOTS

ON the edge of the lake where Dad loves to fish
We've built a strong fort, just out of the swish

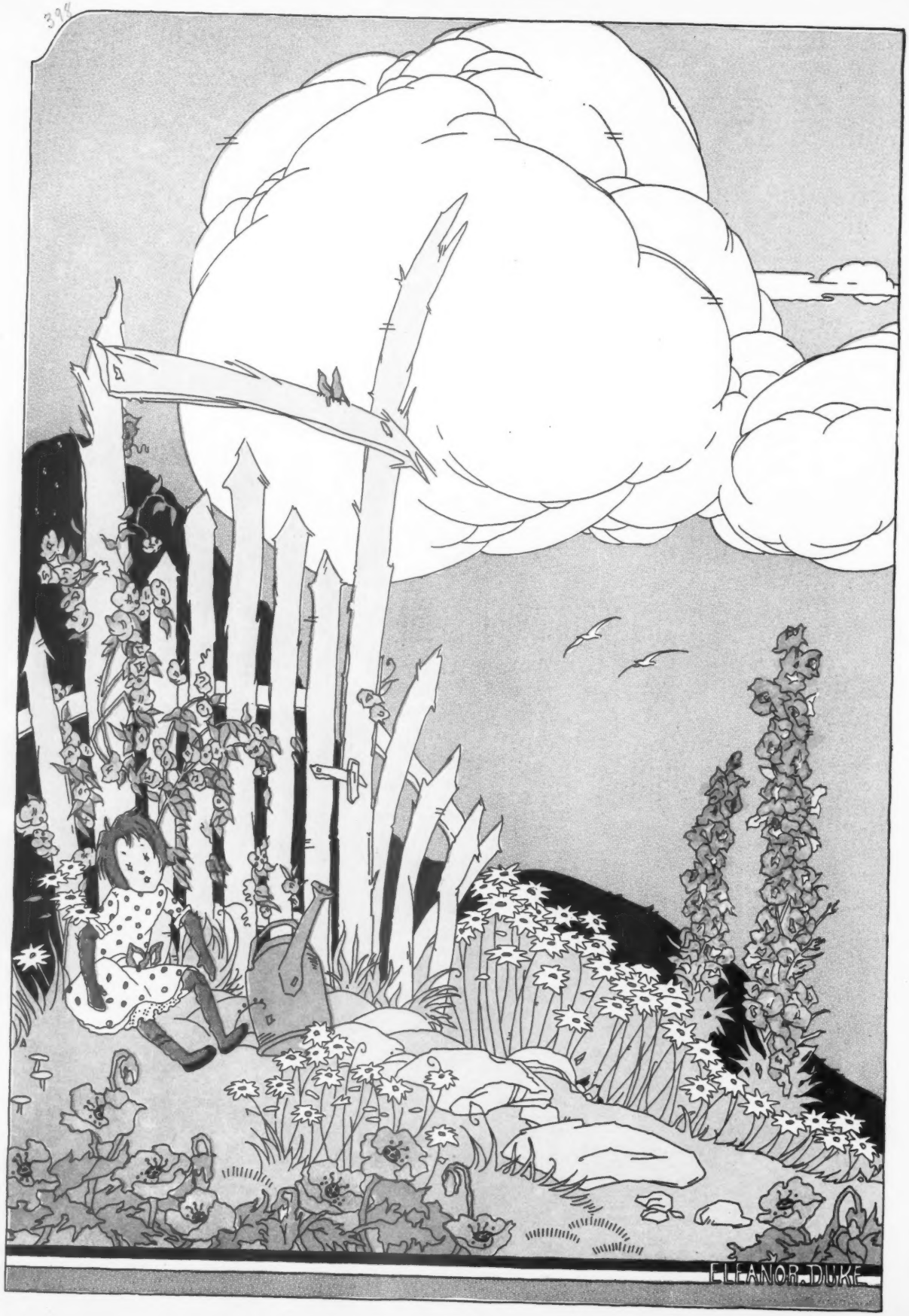
Of the most daring wave that pushes the shore,
And stationed inside are a million or more

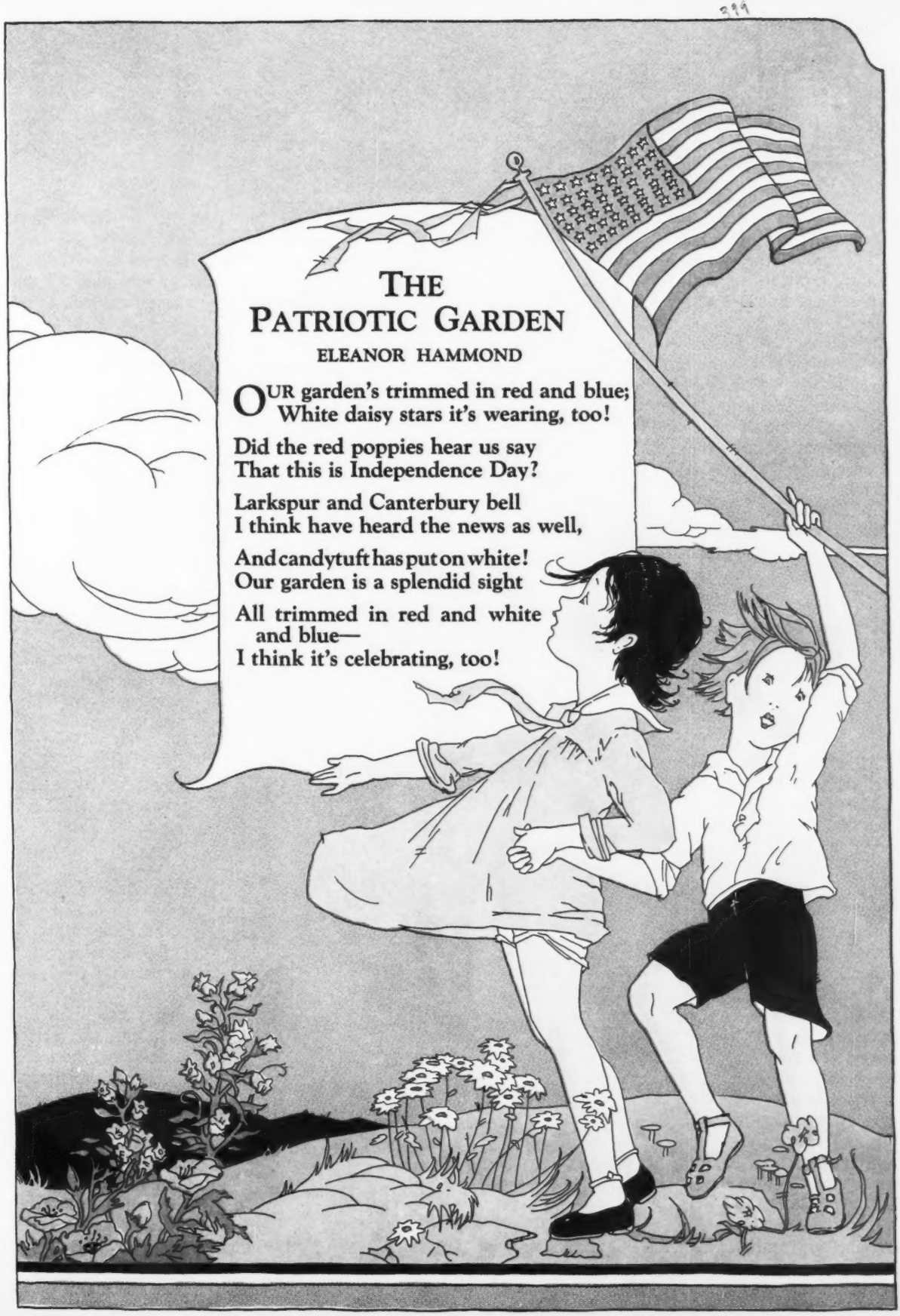
American soldiers, who wait for supplies
And won't eat a thing but Netha's sand pies.

We're building them homes and guarding them for
The time when the world learns to live without war.

Rose Thaldo Editor




ELEANOR DUKE



THE PATRIOTIC GARDEN

ELEANOR HAMMOND

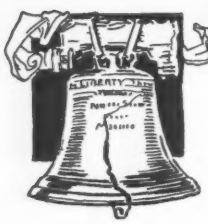
OUR garden's trimmed in red and blue;
White daisy stars it's wearing, too!

Did the red poppies hear us say
That this is Independence Day?

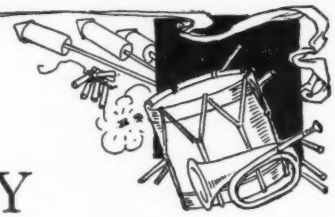
Larkspur and Canterbury bell
I think have heard the news as well,

And candytuft has put on white!
Our garden is a splendid sight

All trimmed in red and white
and blue—
I think it's celebrating, too!



ONCE UPON A FOURTH OF JULY



By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

Author of "*Little Glad Heart*" and "*Mary Redding Takes Charge.*"

A LONG time ago, when your great-grandfather was a little boy, there lived on a farm down in the state of Delaware a little boy whose name was Derek. Now Derek was an orphan and lived with his grandparents. Grandfather Brown was strict and believed in bringing children up by rule; that is, he thought they should never be idle. But Grandmother Brown was always humoring and hugging Derek on the sly, and very often she would say to Grandfather, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." That, you know, is an old, old saying, and in this case Jack meant Derek.

Well, one day during strawberry picking when Derek was working like a little Trojan in the strawberry patch, he decided to go home by Herring Run Branch and there he saw a sign on an oak tree which said:

GRAND FOURTH OF JULY
CELEBRATION AT TIVERTON
BIG BRASS BAND
MAMMOTH PARADE
SPEECH BY GOVERNOR TODD
PATRIOTIC SONGS
FOURTH OF JULY

After that pretty nearly each day Derek hied himself to Herring Run Branch, and each time he read the sign he longed more ardently to attend the celebration at Tiverton on the Fourth. Finally Derek summoned the courage to broach the subject to his grandfather. But Grandfather Brown denounced the mammoth celebration at Tiverton as a waste of time and money. He told Derek he was as patriotic as any citizen in the country, but such nonsense as parading, brass bands, and fireworks was not his idea of patriotism.

"But there will be patriotic songs, Grandfather," said Derek. "And the Governor is going to speak."

Grandfather Brown just said, "Humph!" But Grandmother Brown who was making jelly, stopped skimming the froth from the top, and walked over to Grandfather and said, "I tell you, Joseph, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And Grandfather again said, "Humph!" And Derek with a clouded countenance went out to help Wash, the colored boy, who helped around the house, pile up the wood.

But strange things will happen and the next day at dinner, Grandfather said, "Derek, I reckon you'll get to Tiverton next Tuesday."

"Grandfather!" exclaimed Derek, almost beside himself with joy. And Grandmother who was dishing peas dropped the ladle and cried, "Bless my heart!"

But, of course, Grandfather did not get the least bit excited. He calmly split his corn bread, buttered it, ate a mouthful, then said, "I saw Dory Joynes at the crossroads this morning and he mentioned that he was proposing to take all of his youngsters and I asked if there would be room for you, and he said there would. You're to meet him by eight o'clock at Herring Run Branch, as it would be out of his way to come up here."

Derek managed to suppress a joyous exclamation. It was almost impossible to eat a bite, but when Grandfather noticed that Derek's food was being barely touched he ordered him to set about eating his dinner. At last when Grandfather rose and left the kitchen, Derek went to galloping about like a little wild Indian.

"You see," said Grandmother, proceeding to scrape the plates and



calling. "Kitty, kitty, kitty," whereupon a young army of cats appeared at the kitchen door, "your grandfather is good at heart, son, even if he is kinda iron-like on the outside."

"Yes'm," agreed Derek, and out he dashed, and away he galloped down the garden walk.



On Tuesday morning on the Fourth of July, Derek was up bright and early. But none too early, for Grandfather announced that Fourth of July or no Fourth of July, Derek's regular duties must be performed. So Grandmother tied one of her big aprons around Derek so he wouldn't get anything on his best clothes, and then he hurried out to feed the chickens, sweep the porches and the walk to the gate, and lastly to fill the wood box. Grandfather had gone to the field, so Grandmother snatched off the apron and said, "Do stop, son. That's more wood than I'll use all day, and time's flying. Here's a quarter, but do be careful and don't overload your stomach, and I'd only drink one glass of that pink lemonade."

"Yes'm," answered Derek, and he grabbed his hat from the chair and then away he rushed down the lane. He took the path through the wheat field and then made a short cut through the woods, and then went speeding along the high road to Herring Run Branch. He ran up to the bridge, relieved that the Joynes' had not yet arrived and thinking that he had had plenty of time after all. But suddenly he espied a piece of paper pinned to the rail of the bridge and on going closer he saw that his name was written on the paper. Why, it was a note for him, so he took it from the rail and read:

"Dear Derek, You were not here at seven o'clock, but we waited a long time. We are afraid if we wait any longer we will miss the parade.

Cornelia Joynes."

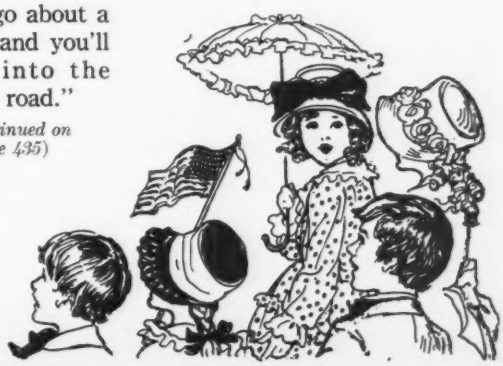
Derek blinked back a gush of tears. Of course there had been a mistake about the time. His grandfather had misunderstood Mr. Joynes, or maybe Mr. Joynes had said eight o'clock when he had meant seven. He wondered if he started to walk what time he would get to Tiverton. It was a good ten miles. He would probably be too tired to enjoy anything, and no doubt the mammoth parade would be over. Well, anyway he might reach there in time to hear the Governor speak, and join in the patriotic singing. He would go. So off he started for Tiverton.

Derek had not walked a quarter of a mile when he heard horses' hoofs behind him, and on turning around he saw a pair of coal blacks, drawing an elegant barouche which was decorated with flags and red, white and blue bunting, come to a sudden stop. There were three gentlemen wearing high silk hats and carrying flags, and a Negro driver dressed in a blue uniform resplendent with brass buttons. Derek gaped with wide-eyed astonishment. This was not the main highway, consequently it was seldom traversed except by the farmers of the neighborhood.

"Lil' boy," said the elegant driver, leaning out, and flourishing his whip which was decorated with a bow of red, white and blue ribbon, "we's somehow lost our bearin'. We spent the night at Mr. Jedge Burton's and not knowin' these parts we missed the main road. We'd be obliged if you'd tell us the straight road to Tiverton."

"Keep on until you come to the crossroads," began Derek, "then take the left road and go to Delaney's Mill and go about a mile and you'll run into the main road."

(*Continued on page 435*)





THE TALKING MILL AND THE CHINA DOG

By JANET P. SHAW

IN A LOVELY old garden, not many miles from Washington's headquarters in New Jersey, lived two strange friends, a brown china dog named Timmy and an old Indian corn mill. At least, I suppose they were friends, for they were almost always to be found side by side when their young master and mistress, John and Samantha Perkins, went off to school. And once, at least, they worked together like friends to help General Washington win a victory over the English.

Timmy was really a very beautiful animal and almost as large as many live dogs. He had been brought from England by Great-grandmother Perkins almost a hundred years before the time of my story, and so I suppose he considered himself quite an aristocratic, blue-blooded dog, but he never showed that in his manner. His kind brown eyes seemed to smile at everybody and his brown china tail was curled so tight that you expected it to wag merrily almost any minute.

But, in addition to all this, Samantha said that he could keep a secret better than anybody she knew. And this is the way he did it. He was such a large china dog that his body was partly hollow, and in the little cushion under his forepaws was an opening just large enough to slip in any small treasures which Samantha wanted to keep safe, such as a letter from Father or Grandmother, or a pretty card, or a ribbon, or even a piece of maple sugar which Samantha wasn't quite ready to eat. And no one even suspected that Timmy was hiding anything, unless, of course, he knew beforehand about the secret place.

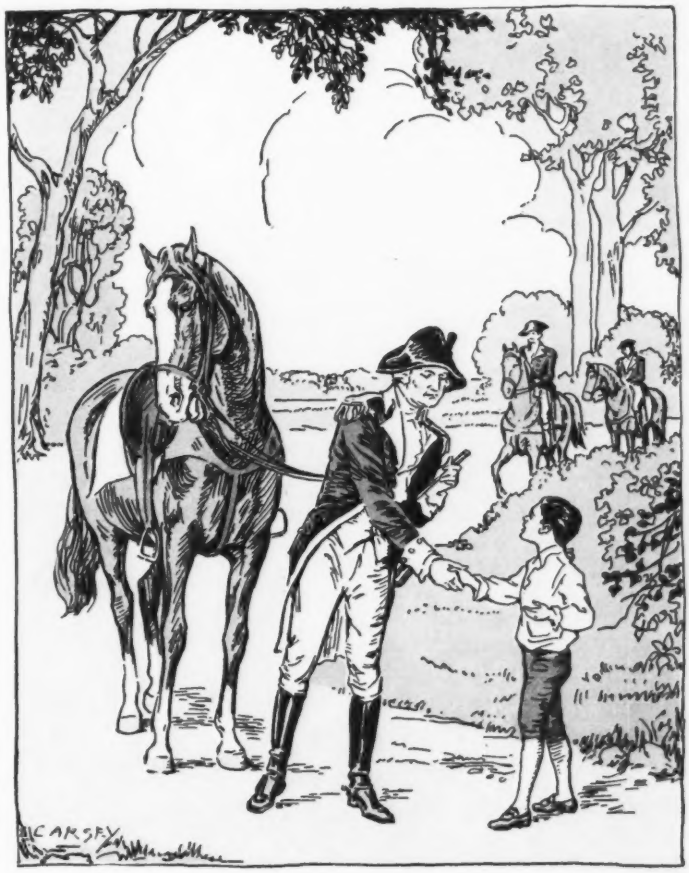
The old Indian corn mill was an entirely different kind of a playmate. Many people wondered why a boy nine years old should care for it at all, but John liked it better than any plaything he had ever owned. In the first place, it made a hundred times as much noise as a drum, and no one ever told him to stop using it when they saw what good meal he could grind. Then, too, the hand-ground corn meal made the most delicious hasty pudding that you can imagine, and, if there was anything that John liked, it was rich, yellow hasty pudding covered over with fragrant maple syrup! Um, but it was good!

And there were other reasons why John liked the Indian mill which nobody knew but John's chum, Hal Benham, and, of course, Samantha—and later General Washington. And that, of course, is what my story is about.

It happened that Hal Benham, lived only a short distance from the Perkins home, as the birds fly, but a deep ravine, in which there was a broad and rapid river, lay between the two houses. And so, when John and Hal wanted to visit with each other, they had to

go down to the ford several miles away and wade across the stream, or walk to the bridge in the village two miles from their homes in the other direction. Fancy having to walk four miles to visit with a chum who lived a few blocks away!

But all this was changed when John learned to use the Indian mill. For, when the boys found that Hal could hear the "clickety-clack, clickety-clack" of the old mill at his house almost as clearly as if it were in the next yard, they agreed on a series of signals and before long John could tell Hal about almost everything that was happening. And when Hal found out what fun *that* was, of course, he wanted to "talk back" and he asked John to help *him* make an Indian mill in *his* yard.



It was easy enough for anybody to make an Indian mill. All you needed was a large stone with a hollow in the top in which to put the corn, a heavy piece of wood with which to pound the grain, and a strong young tree. Hal found the very stone which his grandfather had used for his mill. He and John made a good wooden grinder and fastened it to a branch of a tree in such a manner that the branch would bend when the pounder was pulled down and then raise it high into the air ready for the next time, and the mill was ready for use.

Of course, the country people were so used to rackety old corn mills that they paid little attention to the conversations which John and Hal enjoyed after that, almost every day, and so the boys were able to tell each other all kinds of secrets without anybody's being the wiser. But one day when John was busy with the mill, Samantha called out, "Oh, Johnny, the soldiers are watching you!" and sure enough, when John looked toward the road, he saw three officers on horseback, watching him with puzzled expressions on their faces. And the center one was General Washington!

"Oh, dear," said John to himself as he hurried out to invite the gentlemen to come into the yard, "I wonder if they're displeased with me for making such a racket."

But to his surprise, General Washington asked pleasantly, "What were you doing, Master Jack?"

"I—I was grinding corn meal," faltered John, hardly knowing what to say.

"Of course," smiled the General, "and having a jolly time signaling to some friend, I should say. Is not that true?"

"Y-yes," answered John slowly, "but how did you know?"

"Oh, I was a boy once myself." The General smiled. "But now tell me about this interesting invention of yours."

Then John explained about the deep ravine and the river and the long walk to Hal Benham's house and all the rest, and showed the General just how they "talked" together



by using signals.

"Hm," said the General, "and you always understand what the other says?"

"Almost always," John smiled. "You know we practice a good deal. We drum tunes together when we don't know what else to do."

Then the General grew so silent that John didn't know whether he was pleased or not. But just before he left he drew aside and said, "Those talking mills of yours seem to me to be very clever inventions. Would you and your friend Hal, be willing to use them to help the colonies?"

"Oh, indeed we would, General Washington," cried John eagerly. "Do you need some hand-ground corn meal?"

"Not just now," said the General, "but we *do* need two bright boys to help us watch the English and send us word when they come this way." Then he explained that a large body of English soldiers was supposed to be preparing to march upon the Americans from a camp in the north.

"When they reach your river, they must cross either by the ford or the bridge, and the sooner we know which way they are coming, the better prepared we shall be to meet them. At any rate we would rather give the surprise party, if there is to be one. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Your Excellency," answered John, for General Washington had put it all so clearly that any boy would understand. "Most of the men who go hunting in those woods, or set traps, stop at Hal's house and they'll let us know. We'll help all we can."

"I'm sure you will," answered the General kindly as he shook hands with John and then mounted his beautiful war-horse, Nelson, and rode away with his companions.

After that, John and Hal watched night and day for the coming of the English, but nothing happened for a long, long time. Finally, very early one morning, before daybreak, John thought he heard the signal which they had agreed on to announce the coming of the English, and he slipped on a big coat and hurried out to the mill in the darkness.

And sure enough, when he tapped quite softly with the big wooden grinder, Hal heard him, and told him that a hunter had come upon a deserted camp, in which the fires were still burning, and later had seen the advance guard on the road which led across country to the ford."

"Hooray!" cried John softly, as he hurried to tell his mother the news. "General Washington will have a good place to give his surprise party."

Of course, John had expected to take one of the plow horses and ride to General Washington's camp. But they were old and slow and so Mrs. Perkins thought of a better plan.

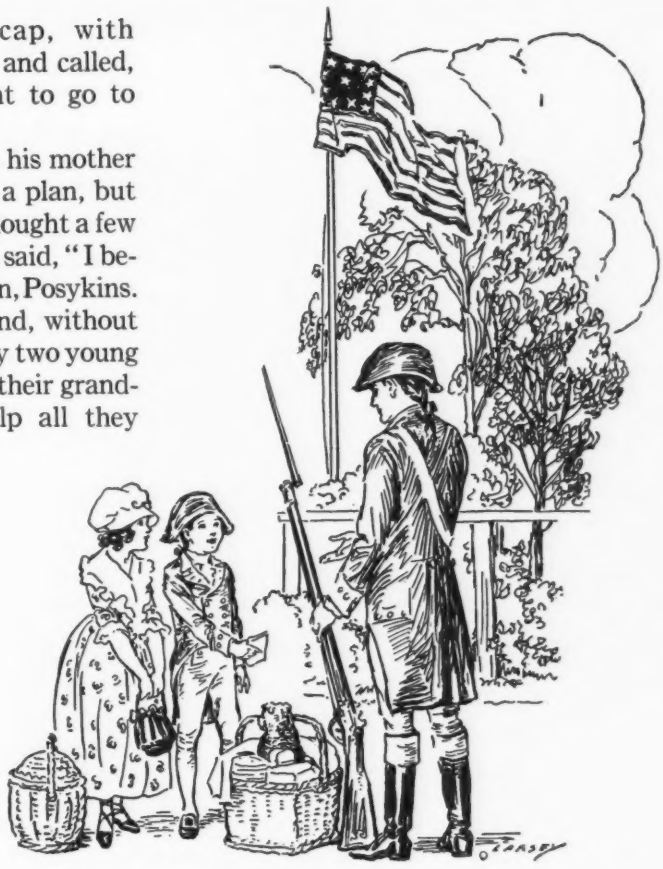
"The stagecoach which goes to Grandmother Perkins' home will pass along the post road in a little while and it goes past the camp," she suggested. "Better sit down and write out all that Hal told you. Then when you are telling your news you will make no mistakes. I'll get breakfast and pack your clothes for a visit to Grandmother."

That plan suited John exactly and so he brought paper and ink and a big quill pen and began to write. But just then Samantha came down the stairs in her night-gown and



funny little nightcap, with Timmy in her arms, and called, "Timmy and I want to go to see Grandma."

John thought that his mother would laugh at such a plan, but to his surprise, she thought a few minutes and then she said, "I believe that's a good plan, Posykins. People will understand, without asking questions, why two young people want to visit their grandmother and will help all they can. And, if you carry a basket filled with jellies and preserves and some of that fresh bread and cake which I made yesterday, the driver of the coach will be glad to take you to the camp and call for you when he has changed horses."



And that's how it happened that, when the great stagecoach rumbled out of the mist a little later, with four horses prancing and the driver snapping his long whip like a whole package of firecrackers, the passengers looked out on a queer little group. First they saw two big traveling baskets, almost hiding a manly boy in a very bright blue home-spun and home-dyed new suit and a cocked hat, just like those the American soldiers wore, and a dainty blue-eyed, little girl with a white sunbonnet and a pretty dress of pink and white "store calico" and in her arms a big smiling, china dog.

As Mrs. Perkins had expected, the driver was only too glad to take John and Samantha to the very entrance of the camp when he saw what a big basket of good things they were carrying to his soldier friends. But trouble came a few minutes later. John had expected that one of the men he knew would be in the sentry box and he was a little frightened when he saw a strange and rather cross-looking man with a very large musket, standing guard. So he asked a little timidly to see the General.



"Not to-day," answered the man gruffly. "No one admitted except on important business."

"But this *is* important business—very important—that I want to see him about," answered John stoutly.

At this the soldier paused and seemed about to yield. But when he looked again at John and saw what a little boy he was, in spite of his manliness, he shook his head and said, "Orders are not to disturb the General. But I could take a message—or you can write out your business if you have any paper."

John took from his pocket the paper on which he had written Hal's message and looked at it. Of course, it would tell General Washington all he wanted to know, but it was covered with writing on both sides so that anybody could read the important news and John knew that that might be dangerous. He *must* cover it in some way—but how?

"Why not let Timmy carry it in his hiding place?" suggested Samantha. "You know I told General Washington all about it because he liked Timmy so much."



(*Continued on page 436*)

OUR SONGS OF LIBERTY

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians

"Sing a Hymn of Freedom,
Fling the banner high!
Sing the Songs of Liberty,
Songs that shall not die."

FOURTH OF JULY is coming! It's almost here! Father will be home that day to add to your joy, and Mother will have delicious "eats" set out on a table all decorated with red, white, and blue! The old heroes of the Civil War and the new heroes of the World War will march down Main Street with Old Glory waving and bands playing! Everyone is excited and happy, and the real reason for all this noise, color, and excitement is that the Declaration of American Independence, which was signed July 4, 1776, gave us national liberty and freedom—the greatest blessings that can come to any people. Every country has prayed and fought for this freedom which we enjoy. Some nations have achieved it, others are now striving for it, but we possess it, and have possessed it for a century and a half.

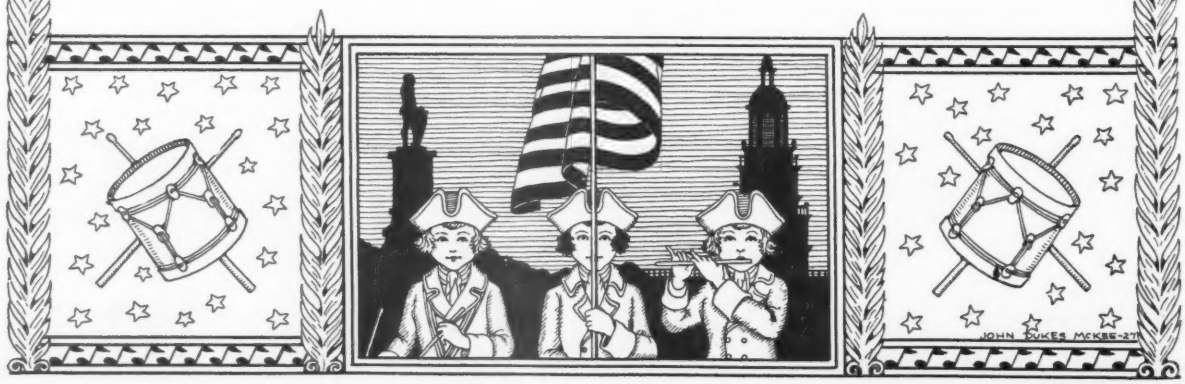
Independence Day is the best day of the year upon which to listen to the story of our fight for freedom as it is told in our national songs.

The songs of a nation are interwoven with its history so closely that if you know the songs (with the words, of course), you know the main points of its history, too. We first were a colony of England, as you know, but we soon wanted to be free and govern ourselves. As early as 1768 songs of liberty began to be written. These songs borrowed English tunes, but the words were by patriotic Americans. Since we had no good composers during the stirring times of the Revolution, or of the War of 1812, our writers of patriotic verses were obliged to use the tunes of other nations, and in some cases these tunes have become so near and dear to us that most of us think that these patriotic tunes are actually American-made.

The earliest American liberty-song that I know of was written in 1768 by Mercy Warren, wife of General James Warren, of Plymouth, Mass. Its tune is called "Hearts of Oak"—a mighty good name, I think, for a song of liberty. Here is its regular "Fourth of July" chorus:

"In freedom we're born, and
in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready;
Steady, friends, steady!
Not as slaves, but as freemen,
our money we'll give."

What would Fourth of July be without "Yankee Doodle"? But the funny part of it is that "Yankee Doodle," so popular during our War of the Revolution, was an enemy tune. We do not know to this day just where its rollicking melody came from. It certainly sounds very much like a song the Dutch sing to their children, and there is also an old German song from which it might have been taken. We do know that during the French-Canadian War—before our Revolution—words were written to this tune which made fun of our native New England soldiers. But the Americans liked the tune, and didn't seem to care whether the words made fun of them or not, so they adopted "Yankee Doodle," words and music, as their very own, and to this day it gives us a thrill.



Now sing "Yankee Doodle" to these old verses as they were perhaps sung by a little boy on a Fourth of July long ago (second and last verses):

"And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

* * *

"But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother."

We couldn't tell the story of liberty in song and omit "America," could we? The tune is an old English tune, but the words as we know them were written for a children's celebration of Independence Day given in Park Street Church, Boston, 1832, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith. So when you children sing "My Country, 'tis of thee, Sweet Land of Liberty, of thee I sing," remember the words were written especially for you.

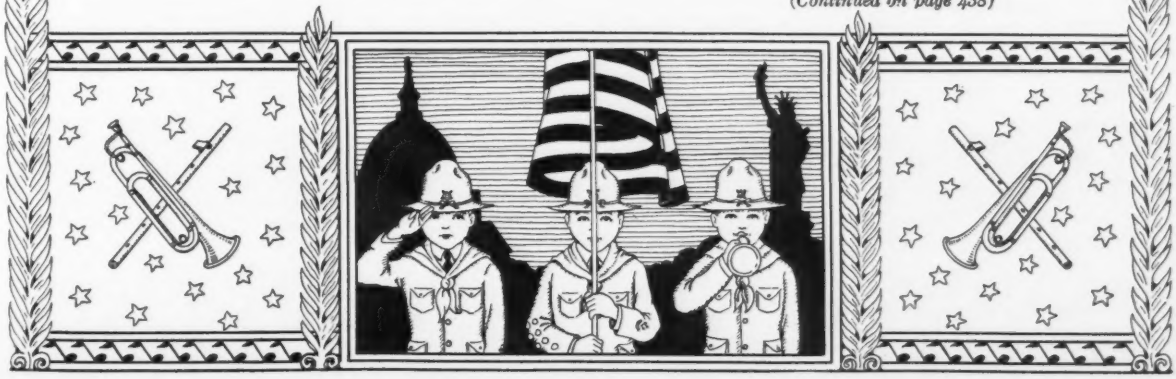
Now if you have caught your breath let's sing "Hail Columbia." Until the World War most Europeans thought "Hail Columbia" was our national anthem and their bands played it whenever they wished to honor our flag. This song, which sounds a bit old-fashioned to most Americans, was first an instrumental march, and when it was nine years old the words we still sing were set to it and the instrumental piece became a very popular national song. I suppose most of you know that the words to a song are written first and the melody written afterwards for those particular verses. The way "Hail Columbia" was made into a song is never the best way to go about composing a song; you should first find the words and then fit a melody to them. I wonder whether you children have heard of "Washington's March." It's mighty good Fourth of July music. From 1775 to 1800 it was the best known American march. If Mother has a book of old marches, have her play it, for it has lots of "pep" in it, even to-day. When George Washington was elected as our first president, this march was written for and played at his inauguration. Johannes Roth, a German musician living in Philadelphia, was probably the composer of this famous old march but of this we are not certain.

Now what is our true American national song? France has that finest of all songs—from a musician's point of view—the "Marseillaise," as her official song; Germany has "The Watch on the Rhine"; England sings "God Save the King"; and each country has its official song to represent its flag and people. Our official song is surely "The Star Spangled Banner," for it is nearest to our hearts. The tune was borrowed from the English and was written in the late eighteenth century by Samuel Arnold, but the words were written by our own Francis Scott Key, a patriotic young lawyer, whose name will always be remembered because of "The Star Spangled Banner." The story of the writing of these verses should be known to every child in America.

In the summer of 1814 the war we know as the "War of 1812," between England and our country, was still being fought. The English had captured our capital city, Washington, and Baltimore was threatened with speedy capture. Just at this time, Francis Scott Key determined to seek out Admiral Cockburn on the flagship of the British fleet and ask the release of his personal friend who had been taken prisoner by the English.

Key bravely set out on his dangerous errand but he arrived at the enemy's ship at the worst possible moment for himself, for Admiral Cockburn was just about to commence a bombardment of Fort McHenry—the fort which guards Baltimore. Of course, the Admiral did not want Key to return to shore and tell this news, so he kept Key and his companions as very courteously treated

(Continued on page 438)





BROWNIE BEN'S PICNIC



BY HELEN A. MONSELL

ONCE upon a time there was a little wee brownie named Ben, who lived in the top of a big pine tree in the middle of a cool green forest. One day, as he sat at the door of his little house, sewing up a tear in his coat with a green pine needle, he heard some one singing and laughing. He looked down through the branches of the pine tree and saw coming along the path three children with a woman who carried a big, big lunch basket. They were Mary and Billy and little Annette, with Sarah the nurse.



"HE SAT, SEWING UP A TEAR IN HIS COAT"

"Oh, look!" cried Mary. "Here's a lovely place for the picnic, right under this tree."

"Fine!" cried Billy. "You can sit here, Sarah, and rest, while we go hunt for ferns down by the little brook."

"Give us each an apple before we go, Sarah dear," Mary begged, and Sarah opened the big, big basket and took out three red apples.

"Goody, goody!" cried little Annette. "I'm so glad we're having a picnic!"

And off the children scampered, while Sarah sat down at the foot of the tree to take a nap, quite forgetting to put the cover back on the basket.

"Now, what in the world can a picnic be?" thought Brownie Ben, peeping down from the top of the tree. "Where do they keep it? I expect it must be in the basket with the apples because I can't see it anywhere else."

He crept down the tree very carefully to the lowest branch, and then crawled out until he was right over the basket. "Now," he thought, "if I look very hard—"

"Bang! Bang!" went a sudden clap of thunder.

It startled Brownie Ben so that he lost his hold on the lowest branch and dropped—pop!—right into the basket.

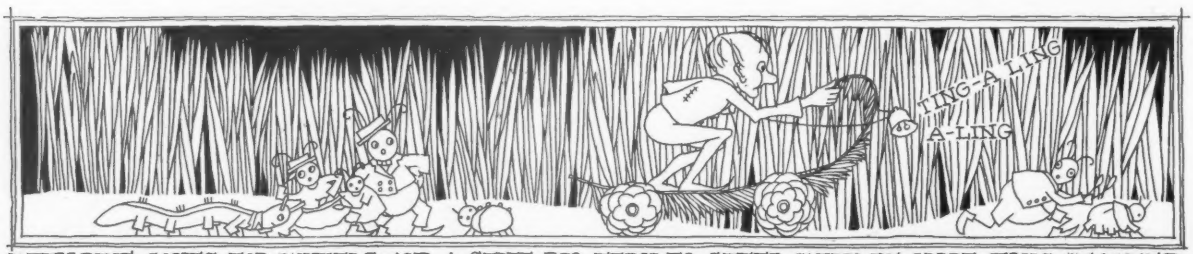
It startled Nurse Sarah, too. She jumped up right away, and called, "Come, come, children, quickly! There is going to be a storm. We must hurry home before it rains!"

The children came scampering. Nurse Sarah picked up the lunch basket, put on the cover, and, almost before Brownie Ben knew what had happened, they were all rushing down the path. The apples bumped up against him and bruised him a bit, while once he thought a big pile of sandwiches was going to tumble right on his head! He was glad when they reached the children's home and Nurse Sarah put the basket down in a corner of the porch. It took him five and a half minutes to catch his breath, and by that time the rain had commenced to just *pour* down.

"Oh, dear," wailed little Annette, "it will be so wet we can't go back to the woods to-day at all."

"But I've *got* to go back," thought Brownie Ben. "How shall I ever get out of this basket?"

He peeped through the holes in the basket-work, and saw something that almost made him forget his troubles. Billy had brought out his scooter and was running it up and down on the porch. Brownie Ben had never



WITH PINE CONES FOR WHEELS AND A STIFF BIG FERN TO STEER WITH, HE MADE THIS SCOOTER

seen a scooter. He thought it was a wonderful thing.

"When I get out of here," he thought, "I am going to get one just like it and go whizzing down the paths in the woods. But how am I ever going to get out?"

A little sparrow flew on the porch to pick up some crumbs. Brownie Ben called to him, "Mr. Sparrow, won't you please lift up the top of the basket and help me out?"

"Not I," called back the sparrow. "I'm too busy," and away he flew.

A little mouse came running along the porch.

"Mrs. Mouse, won't you please lift up the top of the basket and help me out?"

"Not I," called back the mouse. "I'm too busy."

Then the fresh breeze came blowing against the basket, cool and pleasant after the rain. She whispered in to Brownie Ben, "Why don't you do something? Why don't you try to help yourself out? That's the best way."



"IT WAS A JELLY SANDWICH-AND HIS FEET STUCK"

"That's an idea!" said Brownie Ben. He looked around him in the basket. There were, oh, so many sandwiches! Why couldn't he pile them one on top of another, like steps, until he could reach the top of the basket? At least he could try.

It was hard work because the sandwiches were nearly as big as Brownie Ben himself, but he pulled and tugged. Once, the top of one of them came off, just as Brownie Ben stepped on it. He pulled and he pulled but he was stuck. It was a jelly sandwich, and his feet got stuck so fast he could hardly pull them out, and he had to try several times.

At last he got it all ready, a beautiful sandwich stairway! He climbed up, and pushed and pushed at the cover with his head until finally—pop!—off it came.

"Oh, look!" cried the children. "The top has come off the basket! Just look! Sarah, come see!"

But Brownie Ben didn't wait for Sarah or for anyone else to come and see. He jumped down from the basket and scampered off as fast as he could to the pine woods.

The rain had stopped now, and the sun was shining when he reached home. How happy he was to be back! With pine cones for wheels and a stiff big fern to steer with, he made a fine scooter like Billy's.

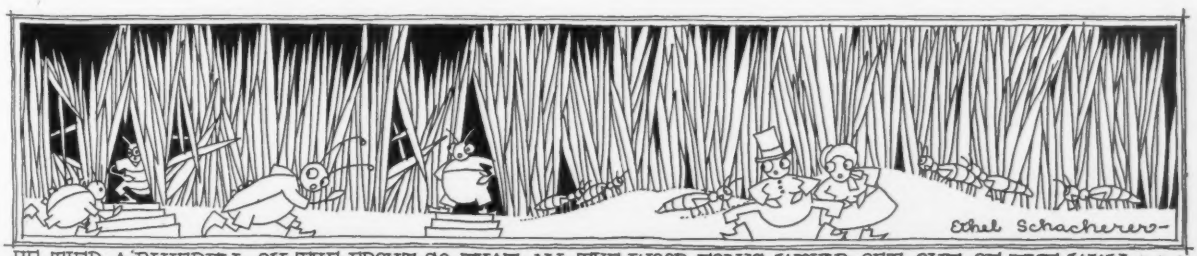
He tied a bluebell that grew by the brook on the front, to ring so that all the wood-folks would hurry up and get out of the way when they heard him come whizzing along the path.

All day long he raced happily up and down and up and down the paths of the cool green forest.

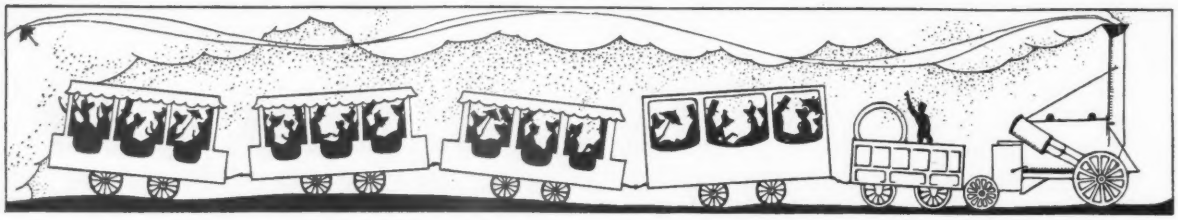
"I see you're safe back home," the breeze called to him, "and I see that you've made your own scooter, too!"

"Yes, indeed," Brownie Ben called back. "You were right, Miss Breeze. You can get things done as soon as you try to help yourself—and it is loads of fun, too!"

And Brownie Ben went whizzing away on his scooter.



HE TIED A BLUEBELL ON THE FRONT, SO THAT ALL THE WOOD-FOLKS WOULD GET OUT OF THE WAY, +++



PATRICIA'S PARASOL

By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

PATRICIA CALHOUN climbed from the high, four-poster and stood a moment on the rag rug, looking sleepily at her cousin. Why had she overslept on this day she had been anticipating for weeks? Betsy was already braiding her hair. Quickly Patricia began unbuttoning her long nightgown. She had just put on her full petticoat with its rows and rows of tucks when she chanced to glance at Betsy.

"But surely you aren't going to wear your flowered silk—on the steam coach?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"When should I be wearing it if not on such a great occasion as this?" retorted the vain Betsy.

"It will be ruined before we reach Charleston," protested Patricia. She paused to tie with great care the black slipper ribbons over her white stockings. "You know, Grandma always says we should wear our most serviceable clothes on the stagecoach."

"Oh, but the steam coach is quite different," boasted Betsy. "Just wait till you see. There are no horses to kick up the dust. The coach rolls all the way along two rail tracks."

"You haven't been on one, have you?" asked Patricia, thinking that by some chance her cousin had experienced the pleasure which she, herself, had been anticipating so long.



"Oh, no, but I saw the coaches near Augusta when Father took me to market last week. We were anxious to meet someone who had traveled on them, but didn't."

The girls hastily finished their dressing. While Betsy tied her new, flower-covered hat under her chin with a long ribbon, Patricia gathered up her hat box, grip, and parasol.

"I have grave fears that your dress and hat will be spoiled," she said, while watching her cousin arrange and re-arrange the bow under her chin. "I've packed my silk dress and new hat here," she added, patting the hat box. "And I have carefully wrapped my birthday parasol in papers, so it won't get spoiled."

"Do as you like, Mistress Prudence Patricia," said Betsy airily, "but I intend to reach Grandma's looking my very best. You know everyone will be curious to see the steam coach when it arrives. *I* don't intend to get off at Charleston looking like a beggar!"

The girls hurried out to the carriage where Patricia's father was already waiting. Through the gray dawn they drove two miles to the railroad tracks, but the sun was an hour high before an unfamiliar rumble came echoing through the valley. Then a cloud of smoke rose above the tree tops and the steam engine came into view.

A strange feeling surged through Patricia, as this big thing came lumbering towards her with no horse to pull it along. She knew from the conversation of her elders that the fire burning in the engine made it go, but the process was quite beyond her comprehension. A Negro man, his face shining with perspiration, was throwing sections of pine logs into the fire. At every replenishing, smoke, sparks, and burning embers boiled from the smokestack. Patricia was so excited her breath was coming in little gasps, as she took the seat allotted her in the last coach.



The girls had scarcely packed themselves in among their boxes and baggage when the coach jerked spasmodically, then slowly began to move along the track. Had they not been so tightly packed in they would have tumbled from the seat long before the Calhoun plantation was



out of sight. Patricia sat for a long time, too awed by this great event to move or speak. With one mitted hand she clung to her purse and with the other she tightly gripped her precious birthday parasol.

The journey had scarcely begun, however, when she noticed the great agitation of an old lady who sat facing her. She had a turkey feather fan with which she was vainly attempting to keep the soot and cinders brushed from her black silk skirt. Fortunately, there was a strong wind blowing from the east which carried away most of the smoke and the beginning of the journey was not so bad.

Presently they turned a curve and then smoke, sparks, and embers blew over the coaches in blinding showers, setting the passengers into a veritable panic.

"Oh, that I ever came on this frightful coach!" exclaimed the little lady, beating out an ember that was burning a hole in her silk skirt.

In all directions the passengers were now fighting off the flying sparks. Someone on the first coach raised an umbrella and for a time was the envy of those who had not come so prepared. Through the blinding smoke that made her eyes sting Patricia saw a big spark fall on Betsy's flowered silk and instantly ignite.

"There—quick!" she cried. "Your dress is burning!"

Mr. Calhoun had seen it too, and hastened to smother it with his handkerchief. The engine was now puffing and going faster than ever, as though, excited by the confusion of the passengers, it was trying to run away. Suddenly there came a rattling of chains, followed by a spasmodic jerk of the rear coach. Next moment, to the consternation of everyone aboard, the engine and three front coaches rolled off down the track, leaving the rear coach sitting on the rails in the midst of a cypress swamp.

"Hey—ho!" called out one of their fellow-travelers, rising and waving his arms frantically after the other coaches. "Wait! Wait, I say!"

The passengers on the other coaches soon attracted the attention of the man on the engine, and gradually the coaches slowed down, then stopped.

"Will the engine come back for us, Father?" asked Patricia in great distress. She had unpleasant visions of being left here in the dismal swamp instead of riding in state to Charleston.

For a long time they waited, but evidently the engine was not coming back. Presently the Negro fireman was seen running along the tracks.



"She won't come back," he called out.



"Won't come back," repeated Mr. Calhoun. "We can't be left sitting here."

"Oh, that I ever came on this frightful steam coach," moaned the little lady, nervously brushing cinders from her skirt. "The stagecoach was good enough for my father and mother, and it is quite good enough for me. I have no patience with these new-fangled notions!"

The fireman now came up, puffing and panting quite as vigorously as the engine. "She won't come back," he told Mr. Calhoun, who had stepped down to the platform. "She oughter come back, sur, but us can't make her work."

"Then this coach will have to be pulled up to the others," stated Mr. Calhoun.

"Oh, dear! They surely won't leave us here in this damp swamp!" bewailed the little lady in black silk, fanning herself with what was left of the turkey feather fan.

"Calm yourself, Madam," said Mr. Calhoun politely. "We will do our best to move the coach." Then turning to an old man and a boy, who occupied part of the front seat, he said in that same dignified manner he used when inviting guests to dinner, "Gentlemen, will you help me push the coach along the track?"

At this Betsy began to giggle, forgetting for the moment the three holes that had been burned in her flowered silk. The girls stood up for a better view of the proceedings. Mr. Calhoun, the old man and the boy stepped down into the swamp muck beside the track. They followed the fireman to the rear where the four of them put their shoulders to the task.

With an unexpected jerk the coach began to move. Patricia was thrown off her balance and fell precipitously back into the seat. Betsy, however, was not so fortunate, for she was standing near the edge. She lost her balance and tumbled to the outside platform. The men saw what was happening and tried to stop the moving coach. This had only the disastrous effect of throwing the girl from the platform into the mud. Mr. Calhoun rushed to his niece's assistance. He wiped the mud from her face and was greatly relieved to find that only her clothes and her pride had been injured.

So sorry was Patricia for Betsy's plight that she scarcely realized when the coach was again attached to the others. From out of her bag the lady in black silk produced some smelling salts which she insisted would make Betsy feel better.

The men settled themselves in

the rear coach, the fireman returned to his engine and the journey proceeded. Patricia wondered if she looked as funny as the other passengers, with their smoke-stained faces and ruined clothes. It was noon now and Mr. Calhoun suggested that they eat lunch. Betsy was too grieved over her ruined finery to eat more than a few mouthfuls, and Patricia soon gave up the attempt, for she did not relish cinders with her sandwiches.

About the middle of the afternoon the breeze died down and the sun streaming over the passengers was almost unbearably hot. All the smoke from the engine drifted lazily back over the coaches, surrounding them like a smoke screen. The little lady in black silk had been coughing at intervals all day, and now she began to wheeze and choke.



"Too bad she can't protect herself from this smoke," remarked Mr. Calhoun to his daughter in a low tone.

"You ought to have a parasol to shield you from the smoke," said the gentleman who had helped push the coach along. "Perhaps the lady in the front coach will let you sit under hers."

"I couldn't stand it so near that horrid steam engine," gasped the lady.

An uncomfortable thought pricked Patricia's mind. Securely wrapped in the bundle beside her was her birthday parasol. The little old lady coughed and sputtered, her face growing very red under its smoky coating. A parasol would certainly be a great protection to her. If it were her own dear little grandmother traveling alone, Patricia would have thanked anyone who was kind to her.

For a tense moment the little girl sat very still, struggling with herself. Then suddenly she caught up the bundle and began tearing off the wrappings, while her father and Betsy looked on in amazement. The parasol was made of substantial green material, but to Patricia it was very beautiful. She had planned to use it the first time on Sunday morning when she went with her grandmother to St. Marks Church.

With a snap she opened it. Leaning across the coach she handed it to the old lady. "Perhaps that will keep off some of the smoke and cinders," she said.

"Oh, my dear little girl, I don't want to take your parasol," wheezed the lady.

At that moment a shower of soot and cinders blew down upon them, and the stranger hesitated no longer. During the next hour she sat with her bonnet all a-wry, but with her face fairly well protected from the smoke by Patricia's parasol.

Presently they were crossing the rice fields and low marsh lands near Charleston. All might have gone well with Patricia and her parasol, had not a stiff breeze been blowing across the marsh. A glowing ember dropped on the parasol, and was instantly fanned into flame. The little lady gasped in horror. The wind rushed through the open coach, snatched the parasol from the trembling hands and whisked it across the marsh like a flaming parachute.

"Oh—oh, my birthday parasol!" gasped Patricia in an agony of distress. For a moment there was silence while the parasol burned quickly in the rushing wind, then dropped, glowing, into the marsh.

"I'm so sorry, my child! So sorry!" wheezed the unfortunate lady. She had evidently about reached the end of her endurance. Over and over again she repeated, while the coaches rolled into the city, "Oh, that I ever came on this awful steam coach!"

When they stopped at the station Betsy said stubbornly, "I am going to sit right here till everyone is out of sight. I will not let my Charleston friends see me in such a plight."

(*Continued on page 445*)



VISITING NUREMBERG

By CAROLINE MABRY

GRANDFATHER and Ruth and Bill were in Nuremberg, and they stood looking up at the goose man fountain.

"He came to Nuremberg with nothing but his two geese, and they brought him a fortune," Grandfather explained.

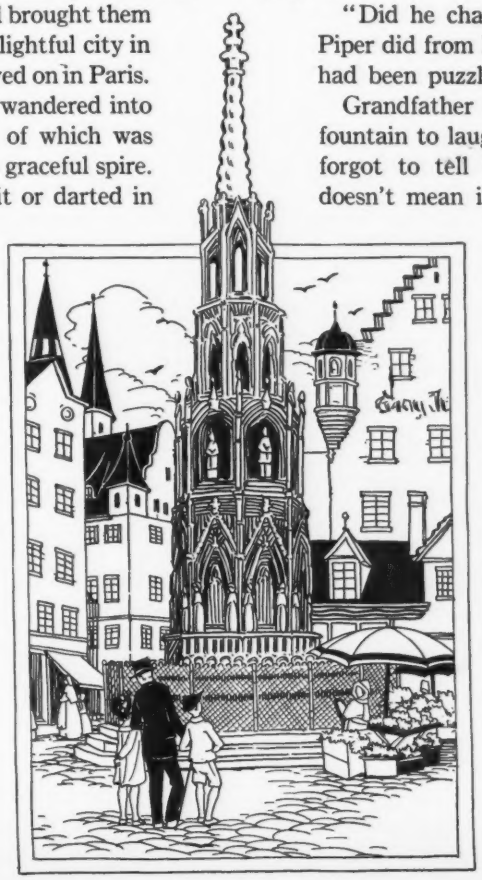
"They must have laid golden eggs," Bill suggested.

"I don't know just how they managed, but the man is remembered in a fountain."

"So many fountains!" Ruth cried in delight, as she cooled her hand in the water pouring from the goose's bill.

Ruth and Bill were traveling in Europe with their family, and now Grandfather had brought them on a flying trip to this quaint, delightful city in Germany while their parents stayed on in Paris.

Grandfather and the children wandered into the market place in the center of which was another fountain that ended in a graceful spire. German children played about it or darted in or out among the market booths. Their quaint bright dresses were like those of the wooden dolls in the toy shop windows. Bill watched them a while and then walked around the bronze railing that surrounded the fountain.



In one side of the railing he was surprised to find a small iron ring. He couldn't think what it was for, and so he asked Grandfather.

"It has a story," Grandfather said. "Years ago some smith was condemned to die for some crime of which he swore he was not guilty. On the day the sentence was to be put into effect, his judges, not being quite easy in mind themselves, said that if within a certain number of minutes he could make an iron ring, and fasten it in the railing, they would spare his life. He did it, and that's supposed to be the ring. But I want to show you another fountain which we haven't seen," he said, leading them through the market place. "It's in the courtyard of the Rat House."

Bill tramped along the cobblestones, very much puzzled. He couldn't imagine how the house had got its name, unless it were full of rats. It was a beautiful old house, and it did seem rather a pity. In its courtyard stood a fountain of a bagpipe player.

"Did he charm the rats away as the Pied Piper did from Hamelin?" Ruth asked, for she had been puzzled, too.

Grandfather sat down on the edge of the fountain to laugh before he could answer. "I forgot to tell you," he said at last. "Rat doesn't mean in German what it does to us. This is the town hall, and the Rat was the council of men who met here."

"Is that the way of it?" Bill answered. "This is a mixed-up place. For my part, I'm going out to see some toys."

The children stood with their noses pressed against the toy shop window. There were Noah's arks, and wooden blocks and gayly-painted animals.

"Oh, Grandfather!" Ruth begged. "Couldn't I take some back to the children at home?"

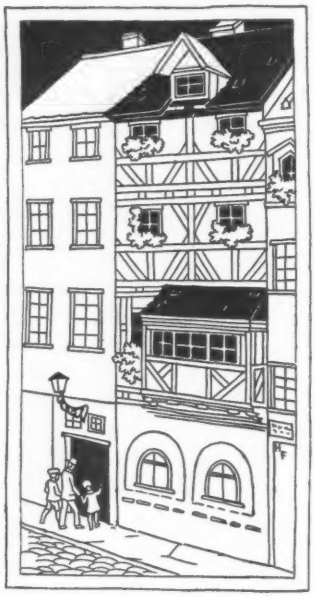
"Yes, indeed," he answered. "But I think we'd better look about, for there are many more shops, and

after you've seen some others you can choose."

They had been so busy looking at the fountains and the toys that they scarcely had stopped to glance up at the gabled roofs toward which Grandfather now pointed. There were gables on gables, small and large, their points rising from unexpected nooks and corners.

"Nuremberg is famous for many things," he said, "roofs, fountains, toys and cookies."

They had turned through a winding street to look at some of the old houses on the river Pegnitz. These leaned out over the water, sometimes at an angle, and sometimes crossing the river so that part of the house was a bridge. The children were staring up at these picture-book houses, when Ruth gave a tug at Grandfather's arm.



"There's our Mr. Pepperbox," she exclaimed. "He is. The one we know. I saw him!"

"It couldn't be," Grandfather answered, growing excited himself.

"But it was," she insisted. "He was sitting in that window, and I saw him get up and walk to the back of the shop."

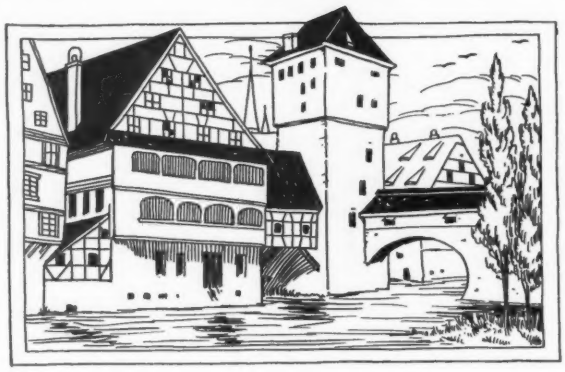
"You're dreaming," Bill scoffed. "Just because he made toys, you think you've found him."

But Ruth was hurrying toward the shop door. There she pulled a cord which rang a little bell inside the shop. This let the keeper know that he had a customer.

"I believe she's right, for here's his name, Pfefferbuchse, over the door," Grandfather said.

And, true enough, in answer to the bell, Mr. Pepperbox himself came to greet them. He could hardly believe his eyes, and he laid his hands on each of their shoulders in turn to make sure they were real. His blue eyes were shining glad under his white bushy eyebrows. He made glad clucking sounds as he invited them into his shop, where both the children and he told of how glad they were to see each other.

Old Mr. Pepperbox had at one time had a tiny shop in the basement of the apartment house where



Ruth and Bill lived in New York. His windows were only half above the level of the sidewalk, and there were always children leaning over the iron railing that guarded the steps going down from the sidewalk to his door. The children almost stood on their heads to watch him, for he sat there day after day, making the toys he sold or gave away.

Ruth and Bill were his special friends, Ruth because she was the same age as the little granddaughter he had left in Germany two years before, and Bill because he was more interested in how the toys were made than in playing with them, and it was the making of them that the old man loved.

He used to measure Ruth almost every time she came to the shop, marking her height on his wall with a big green pencil he used for outlining the animals he cut from wood.

"My Gretchen—she—so—" he would say in his soft, thick voice, which trembled as he spoke of his daughter's little girl in Germany.

To Bill, Mr. Pepperbox confided that he had come to New York two years before to work in a toy factory, but soon afterwards a machine had been invented that could do his work in half the time, and he would have starved if he hadn't gone to making toys in some basement. He talked of home, and when he talked his head bent over the toy on which he worked, and his voice trailed off into the shadows of the room.

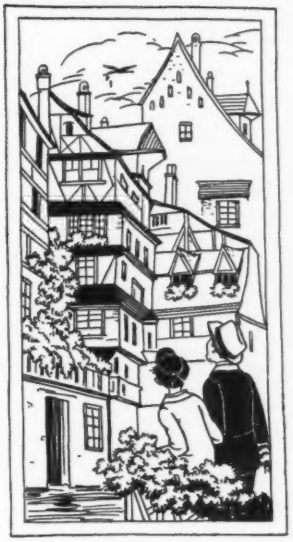
When the children had come back from the beach at the end of that summer, Mr. Pepperbox had gone, and no one could tell them much about him. His shop then became a beauty parlor, and they thought it poorly named, for even if it were littered with shavings, and cluttered with paint cans, it had been more beautiful when he was there.

And now they had found him in Nuremberg, and everybody was talking at once.

"Is Gretchen my size now?" Ruth asked.

"Ja—wohl—so," he beamed. "I bring her to-morrow. You see. You come back to-morrow, ja?"

He opened a door that led into another small room with two long, narrow windows facing the river,



for his house was one of those that leaned out over the water. These windows opened on a balcony with wooden railings and flower boxes along the side. The sun shone on the flowers, and out of the warm, bright sun he lifted a silk doll, and his face was shining with more pride than they had ever seen in it before.

For this doll was his masterpiece. Wood is cheap in Germany, for there are many forests, and so wooden toys are no novelty. But he had saved a precious scrap of silk, because it was rare, and he had shaped it over a cotton form to make a doll. He had painted the face and given it the delicate beauty of a flower. Of fine silk thread he'd made the hair, and raveled it so that it looked very natural. And it was because the glue which held the silk hair to the doll's head was drying now, that he had set the doll on his balcony in the sun.

He put it back when it had been admired by his visitors, and turning toward the room again, Mr. Pepperbox showed them the velvet dress with the spangled skirt which the doll would wear.

As they looked, they heard outside the window a strange flapping of wings. They ran to see what it was, and a big stork stood on the balcony railing, one foot tucked under his wing. He looked so comical that they laughed uproariously, and Bill made further sport of him by standing on one leg and hopping around the room.

Then suddenly the stork, as if to take revenge, poked its long bill into the flower box, and caught the precious doll by the hair.

"Heraus mit!" the old toy maker cried, making a grab for his treasure; but the stork spread its wings, and flew off, dangling the doll from its beak.

Mr. Pepperbox's face was the picture of despair. How could he ever buy enough silk to make another doll so fine? A common wooden doll would have to wear the beautiful dress trimmed in spangles.

But Bill leaned far out the window, never taking his eyes off the stork. In the center of the river at this point was a small island with three trees growing on it. The house across the river arched itself across the stream, so that part of it rested on the island. It was not a large house, but its steep roof ran up into peaked gables, which is the way with Nuremberg roofs.

Up among the gables was a chimney, and near it the stork paused in its flight. It dropped the doll into a ramshackle nest built at the side of the chimney, and folding its leg again under its wing, it stood guard.

"Does that stupid bird imagine he's found something to eat?" Grandfather asked. "Or was he just getting even with us for our sport?"

"Maybe he thought he had a new baby for someone," Ruth said. "Poor, dear Mr. Pepperbox! I'll send you some silk to make another doll."

I'm going to get that one back," Bill declared, as he studied the island and the house. "If we could find a boat to cross over to the island, I could climb one of those trees, and it would bring me up as high as the chimney. Then I could reach in and save the doll."

"I got better than a boat—ja," the old man said, and reaching down to a hook below the balcony, he unchained and threw out a narrow plank bridge that easily spanned the distance between his house and the island.

Bill went up the tree, hand over hand. When he came to the limb that reached over toward the house he had to crawl more cautiously, but he was so determined to save the doll, that he knew he couldn't fail.

He braced himself against the tiled roof of the pointed gable. The stork put down its other foot, and when the boy reached too near the nest, it pecked at him and screeched and flapped its wings. But Bill made a sudden grab into the nest, caught the doll and, to the relief of those who watched him below, climbed back in safety down the tree.

Mr. Pepperbox clasped the doll to his heart as if

(Continued on page 444)



THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO
Author of "*The Velveteen Rabbit*," "*The Apple Tree*," "*The Little Wooden Doll*," "*Poor Cecco*," etc.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Andy—or Andromeda, as she was known before she lost her job and half of her name—is peeved. Her little girl has just been married. And Andy feels grumpy and ill-used and as lonely as a snub-nosed doll *can* feel. So she goes and sits on the fire escape (where she has never been allowed to sit) and begins chatting with a wooden acrobat, who lives next door. He admires her very much, but tells her quite plainly that she is too proud and stubborn. This disturbs Andy dreadfully, and to add to her troubles she finds the window behind her has been shut, and the family have gone to the country for the summer.

Late in the afternoon, a large magenta balloon sails her way. In its basket sits a masked airman, who takes her to a lonely marsh, then sails away again. Among the weeds and rushes Andy meets Billy-the-Lantern, a hedgehog hung with all sorts of papers and odds and ends found in the woods he is always tidying, and later meets a bored-looking horse, fond of eating huckleberry bushes, a cranky rag doll, a wooden soldier and a pink china cat with three legs. They have all run away and invite Andy to come along with them.

On a sandy beach, where the horse absent-mindedly dumps them, the rag doll starts a colony and Andy discovers an egg that hurriedly hatches into Eggie, the homeliest baby bird that ever was. Just as Andy is planning to adopt him, Eggie's mother swoops down and takes him home again.

Andy wanders dejectedly down to the river and jumps on a log that floats off with her. Just before it reaches the rapids, though, the mysterious stranger rescues her. He loans her his cape, but is so frank and uncomplimentary that Andy stumbles off in a huff.



SEATED . . . IN A MUD PUDDLE

CHAPTER X
A Narrow Escape

PRESENTLY, the thicket parted and Andy came out upon an open road. Here it was much lighter, and she could see, upon the opposite side, an open field with a little white cottage standing in it. Crossing the road and slipping through the fence, she approached the house which she saw was neat and tidy-looking, very like her own hotel in appearance, and, best of all, swung between two trees in the front yard, there was a hammock, and here Andy decided to spend the night.

It was already broad daylight when she was awakened by the rain beating down upon her. She sat up in the hammock and blinked and stared about her. She wished she had a few of Billy-the-Lantern's pancakes for breakfast, but since he was not there to cook them for her, she decided to look for some berries instead. So, waiting until the rain had stopped, she wrung the water out of her skirts and made her way to the edge of the field and into the pasture beyond.

Here there were berries in abundance, a whole forest of them—enough to have lasted even the spotted horse for a week. Standing on tiptoe, Andy gathered as many as she could reach, and putting them carefully in her apron pocket, looked about her for a nice spot to sit down and eat.

Not very far off she could hear the sound of running water, and following this she came upon a very pleasant spring, a quiet little pool set about with moss and grasses and surrounded by tall burdocks. She would sit down under one of these, Andy decided, with her back resting comfortably against its broad stem, and it was not until she was settled that she discovered she had seated herself in a mud puddle.

The first and most important thing, certainly, after that, was to wash her clothes. As a rule, Andy was very particular about her wardrobe; she had a number of very beautiful dresses at home, and though she had never taken care of them herself—for this had always been done for her—she thought she knew how it should be done, and took considerable interest in her appearance; if she had had her own way she would have changed her frock a dozen times a day. One of her worst faults, in fact, was vanity, and she had once wept for a whole day and a half because she was compelled, by way of punishment, to wear a dress with a jam stain on the front. Now, like many another spoiled person in changed circumstances, she found that if she wanted things done she would have to do them herself or else go without.

Setting out on her travels in such a hurry, she had taken nothing with her but the clothes she was wearing, and on looking down at these, she was shocked to discover the state they were now in. What with wandering through the woods, sliding down the sand bank and tumbling in the river they were in sad shape, and last night in the hammock and her experience with the mud puddle had not helped to improve them. Her skirt and apron were grimed with earth and stained with huckleberry juice, and there was a great scorched spot up one



side where she had stepped in the fire. The stranger's cloak, which she had forgotten to return to him, was far too long for her and had become dusty from trailing on the ground. Moreover, she had slept in it all night. She brushed it off with a wisp of grass, folded it and laid it on one side, and the gold ribbon with it. But her other clothes would have to be scrubbed—there was no doubt about that—so she at once set about taking them off. This was not so simple; the skirt and apron came off easily enough with a little tugging, and her lace petticoat as well, but her sleeves and bodice were sewed onto her, and firmly at that. The stitches were all in the back and, wriggle and squirm as she would, Andy could do nothing about it; so in the end she decided to leave them as they were and do what she could with the rest.

She had not the faintest idea how to wash clothes, except that they must be put in water, and the water at least was there, which seemed a help; so kneeling at the edge of the spring she plunged her skirt in boldly and stirred it about with a twig, hoping for the best. The petticoat went next, and just as she was about to drop the apron after it, she luckily remembered that her piece of wedding cake was still in the pocket. It was very crumbly by this time and had suffered not a little from damp when she fell in the river; but Andy was able with care to pat it back into some sort of shape, and after drying it for a little while in the sun, wrapped it up neatly in a clean leaf which she tied about with a bit of grass, for she was determined that only in great emergency, and under very exceptional circumstances, would she ever eat it.

Meantime her clothes were quite wet certainly, but they didn't seem to be getting much cleaner than when she first put them in. Perhaps they needed more stirring. This was good fun, and for a time she got so excited about it, and stirred so vigorously, that she very nearly fell in herself as well—indeed, she was so splashed already it would have made very little difference if she had! But the only result of her labor was to stir up all the mud at the bottom of the spring, so that when at last she fished her clothes out on the end of the stick to inspect them, they looked far worse than they did before. They were all streaked and spotted with yellow clay and had bits of green weed clinging to them, and Andy was nearly ready to cry with vexation.

"You aren't much of a hand at that!" a voice remarked overhead.

Andy looked up and saw a catbird perched on a bush, watching her.

"You'll never get them clean that way," he went on. "And look at the mess you've made the spring in! The cow will be awfully mad! *She's* got to drink out of it!"

"I don't care," said Andy. "The horrid things won't come clean, anyhow! I wish I'd never begun to wash them."

"Take them out and put them in the stream," the catbird suggested, "and let the water run on them."

Looking about her, Andy saw that the spring was fed by a little stream of water that trickled down through the grasses. Following the catbird's advice she laid her clothes here, where the water could run through them, and was very pleased to see that the mud began to wash out of them almost at once. In a very few minutes they looked quite fresh and clean again, and she was able to wring them out and spread them on the stones to dry.

This took longer than she expected. Getting impatient, and tired of waiting there any longer with nothing to do, Andy finally smoothed out the creases as best she could and put them on again, still half damp. Replacing the wedding cake safely in her apron pocket she picked up her cloak and started on her way.





HE STOPPED HIS FRONT FEET

A little farther on, under some bushes, she came upon a bed of tiny flowers. They looked so pretty, and so exactly matched her gold ribbon, that Andy sat down then and there and made a long daisy chain and a wreath to wear on her head. This took quite a little while, and by the time she had finished it to her satisfaction and fitted it on, the afternoon was already far advanced. Where should she go? She was not going to spend another night in the hammock, that was certain, and the best thing to do was to get away as far as possible before night overtook her once more.

If anyone had been passing along the road late that afternoon they might well have wondered to see, in the pasture beyond the fence, a little doll walking as fast as she could with a very determined air, looking neither to right nor left, holding her clean skirts up high to keep them out of the dust and wearing a wreath of yellow blossoms on her head. But no one passed except an old crow, flapping his way homeward above the berry patch, and he was so used to seeing queer things that he paid no attention to Andy at all.

Beyond the pasture was a building lot; here stood a house nearly finished, and men were busy nailing shingles on the roof. Andy had to leave the field and walk along the road edge. And now here was the beginning of a real sidewalk, laid out in stone, and trees and telephone poles and garden palings and what not.

"Hurrah!" thought Andy. "This is a city at last! I'm really getting to the city!"

And she became so excited at the idea that she began to skip about, and the yellow wreath very nearly fell off. Everything pleased her; there was a store in the distance, a barber shop with a striped peppermint pole outside it, a white poodle sitting on a porch and a man cutting the grass on his front lawn—br-r-r—br-r-r—all sorts of amazing things—so that Andy was continually twirling this way and that to look at them, and when a real automobile swept past, it positively went to her head; she gave one tremendous skip and fell flat on her face on the sidewalk, just as the white poodle, who had been watching her progress with great curiosity rushed up, barking loudly, to learn who this strange person was.

Luckily for Andy, just at the instant the poodle made up his mind to cross the street, the automobile slowed up to turn a corner, so the two very nearly collided. The poodle gave a howl of dismay; he stopped his front feet but forgot about his hind ones, which went on sliding and almost carried him under the car. Meantime the terrier at the barber shop, who was the poodle's sworn enemy, meanly took advantage of this delay to arrive on the scene at exactly the same moment. The two met over Andy's prostrate body.

"I saw it first!" shrieked the poodle.

"You didn't! It's mine!"

"Get away, you big stiff!"

"I won't," snarled the terrier. "So there!"

The poodle made a snap, seizing Andy in his jaws, but the terrier was too quick and gave him a sharp bite on the hind leg. The poodle, whose nerves were already unstrung by the automobile, opened his jaws to yelp, letting go of Andy, who with great presence of mind, while the two were still snarling and biting and rolling over and over on the pavement, slipped between the palings of a garden fence close by and ran away as hard as she could pelt.

CHAPTER XI
WHY GOOD LITTLE DOLLS HAVE THEIR CLOTHES SEWED ON

The path she followed led her this time to the shore of a pond which, dotted here and there with small islands, stretched as far as she could see into the distance. It was quite hot now; the sun beat


....ALL ATTIRED FOR A DIP

down on the sandy shore, where a great butterfly lay sunning himself on a round stone. The water looked very cool and inviting, and exclaiming, "The sea! The sea! I'm going in bathing!" Andy began in her usual impulsive way to hop about on one leg and drag at her frock to get it undone. This time the stitches gave way readily enough; in a moment she had torn everything off and, having no bathing suit, tied two strips of the large handkerchief she carried with her, one round her waist and the other round her head, and stood all attired for a dip.



"I'M NOT FISHING!" SHE CRIED

Wading out as far as she could, till the water rose right up to her neck, Andy threw herself forward and began to swim. She had never swum in her life before and it wasn't quite so easy as she thought, but she splashed out boldly right and left and was having a splendid time when suddenly she heard a voice behind her shouting, "Here! Stop!"

Turning her head, Andy saw a chipmunk, seated on a piece of board which he was paddling by means of a stick held in his paws. He looked at her very crossly, and when he had brought his raft a little nearer exclaimed, "You can't do that, you know!"

"Why not?" Andy asked.

"It's a private beach," said the chipmunk, "and I own all the rights."

And he pointed to the shore, where Andy saw for the first time, close to the water's edge, a signboard on which was written:

NO FISHING OR FLOATING
DIVING BY PERMIT ONLY

"I'm not fishing!" cried Andy indignantly.

"Don't put me off with any excuses!" the chipmunk returned. "There's a fish nibbling this very minute!"

It might or might not have been true, but as he spoke Andy certainly thought she felt *something* nibbling at her toe! She gave a frightened squeal and plunged under the water, and as she came up again spluttering, the chipmunk exclaimed angrily, "There—actually diving! I suppose you'll deny that!"

"Oh, dear!" Andy exclaimed. "It seems one can't do *anything* here!"

And feeling very cross at having her nice bath interrupted, she took one more little dip, just to show the chipmunk she didn't care, and then began to splash slowly back through the shallow water to the shore.

The chipmunk was there before her, waiting on the sand.

"Ten cents!" he said, and held out his paw.

"Whatever for?" asked Andy.

"For bathing, of course," said the chipmunk. "You don't suppose you can bathe here without paying, do you?"

Andy drew herself up, looking as proud as she knew how. "You may charge it," she replied, for she had heard her little girl say that more than once in stores when they had gone shopping.

"Charge it!" said the chipmunk rudely. "That's a nice story! You can pay it or go to jail, whichever you choose!"

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" cried Andy, beginning to feel rather frightened but still very much on her dignity. "Besides, I have no money."

"You should have thought of that sooner," the chipmunk retorted. "However, that's easily settled!"

And before Andy could stop him he had snatched up all her clothes which she had left under a milkweed bush, and was making away with them towards the raft.

"Here, stop!" she screamed after him. "Those are my clothes! What are you going to do with them?"

The chipmunk called back over his shoulder, "They will be sold at public auction to pay your debts."

"Oh, please don't do that!" begged Andy, hopping up and down and wringing her hands. "You wouldn't do that, surely!"

But the chipmunk was deaf to all her pleading.

"Wouldn't I?" he returned, busily scuffling all the clothes into a bundle with his paws, at one end of the raft. "Business is business. How do you suppose I'd live if everyone were like you? All the same," he added, giving the bundle a final pat into place, "I don't want to be too hard on you, so if you like you can come along and see fair play, and I won't charge you for the ride!"

"I should think you wouldn't!" Andy thought, and, determined at any price not to be parted from her beloved clothes, she ran after him as fast as

(*Continued on page 440*)

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

TOYTOWN POETRY CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The heading of this article will probably surprise you. You didn't think toys were interested in poetry, did you? You will be astonished, then, when you hear that the Toytown Poetry Club has the amazing total of seven members, five of whom are dolls, one a wooden horse, and one a Teddy Bear. The club meets once a month, and the members take turns reading their latest poems aloud.

Last month's meeting was particularly interesting. The wooden horse opened the proceedings by reading his poem, called "Notes on Oats." We give it herewith:

Breakfast means a bag of oats;
Luncheon, oats within a bag.
Supper, oats get further votes.
Gosh, it's fierce to be a nag!

Thunderous applause and lightning glances of envy greeted this brilliant rendition, and the horse was so enveloped in his own success that he tried to pat himself on the back and got his hoof caught in his collar button.

A dolly named Uppy Goazagen next took the platform, eyezled her eyes and nozeled her nose, and announced her title:

Purple Prunes

Purple prunes, oh, purple prunes,
Why are you so purple?
In your purple pantaloons,
Softly singing purple tunes,
Mornings until purple noons,
Aren't you silly, purple prunes?

This splendid effort brought forth wild cheers with fur-trimmed edges, and all the members paraded around the room, each with his hands on the shoulders of the poet in front of him—a sign of extreme ecstasy in toy emotions. The Teddy Bear was next on the program. He rose and stood a moment, gracefully revolving his black button eyes with his left paw, gargled, bowed, and read his effort, entitled:

Itchy Kitchy

Itchy Kitchy wunka book
Singkalakka hunka
Itchy Kitchy wallagook
Gutcha gikky wunka.

"What language, please?" queried the horse.

"Teddy Bear Latin, of course," eyebrowed the bear.



"You're kidding us!" voiced the horse.

"I am not," glared the bear.

"What does 'gutchy gikky' mean?" suspected the horse.

"Won't tell!" sassed the bear.

"You don't know!" scowled the horse.

"Do, too!" defied the bear. The bear and the horse rushed at one another and each began to bite the other's neck furiously, the screaming dollies rushing madly from the room. We didn't stay to see what "gutchy gikky" finally meant, but we have a hunch of hunches that the Toytown Poetry Club will not meet again too soon.

TAG DAY IS BIG SUCCESS

A soap box with more splinters in it than the average is located near the village tooth-brushing stand. A large sign tells passing toys that this is "Bum Box," the charity home in which toys may live, who are financially embarrassed.

Bum Box is supported by the community. Lately, however, the community has not given sufficiently generous donations to provide a sufficient number of rubber-band sandwiches per week for the inmates of the box. It was decided, therefore, to hold a tag day.

For several weeks all the kind-hearted dollies in the village raced madly up and down alleys, collecting discarded milk bottle stoppers, which were to serve as tags. A safety pin was inserted in each stopper, and finally the collection was ready to be pushed onto the Toytown public. A Thursday in the latter part of the week was selected as the big day, and the smiling dollies stationed themselves on every street corner. Well, from the very start the venture was a wild success. Toys of every description actually fought for the privilege of buying milk bottle stoppers. Great fun was had in pinning on the tags, many Teddy Bears wearing them on their ears. A rubber Kitty Kat pinned her tag on her nose, because she loved the smell of milk on the stopper.

The affair ended in a very exciting manner. A mischievous elephant approached.

"Tag?" smiled the dolly.

"Sure, kiddo!" he haw-hawed, and kicking up his heels like a Wall Street lamb, he chased the dollies all over town. A monkey policeman gave his tail a yank, and scolded him for being such a booby. The poor old elephant, when he at last realized what he had done, stopped long enough to shed a tear with his east eye and made things right by buying all the milk bottle stoppers that were left, which he stuck all over himself like freckles.

We hope the toys in Bum Box like rubber bands. They are going to get a lot of them.

WEATHER REPORT

Pleasant heat wave expected from electric toaster, followed by heavy wind from overblown saxophones.



Extra help to clean soiled clothes! Extra help for Mother—with Fels-Naptha!

When kiddies tumble and romp, dirt does get ground into little dresses and blouses and stockings so soon!

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Every mother should get a Golden Bar from her grocer, and prove its *extra* help. She owes it to herself!



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann

LITTLE FAY CLARK

THERE was a little girl
And her name was Fay Clark.
And poor little Fay
Was afraid in the dark.

Alone in her bedroom
She had the queer feeling
That something behind her
Was creeping and stealing.

One night poor Fay heard
When the whole house was still
Something tap at the window
And scratch on the sill.

She covered her head
And she prickled with fright.
"If only," she whispered,
"They'd left me a light."

But there came a small sound
In the midst of her fear
That made her sit up
And uncover an ear.

"It can't be . . . . it must be
My little lost cat,
For nobody else
Can meow quite like that!"

She flew to the window.
She opened the screen.
And in jumped her kitten,
Bedraggled and lean.

"Oh, Fluff, just imagine,"
Fay happily cried,
"I was almost too frightened
To let you inside!"

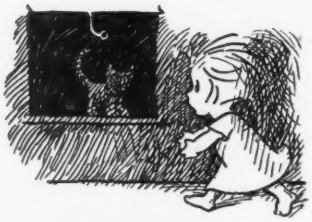
They ran from the bedroom
And down the long hall,
Not afraid of the bigness
Or darkness at all.

And out to the ice box
They quietly crept
To get Fluff some milk
While the family slept.

A lesson this teaches
To Fay, you and me,
That we shouldn't be scared
Till there's reason to be.

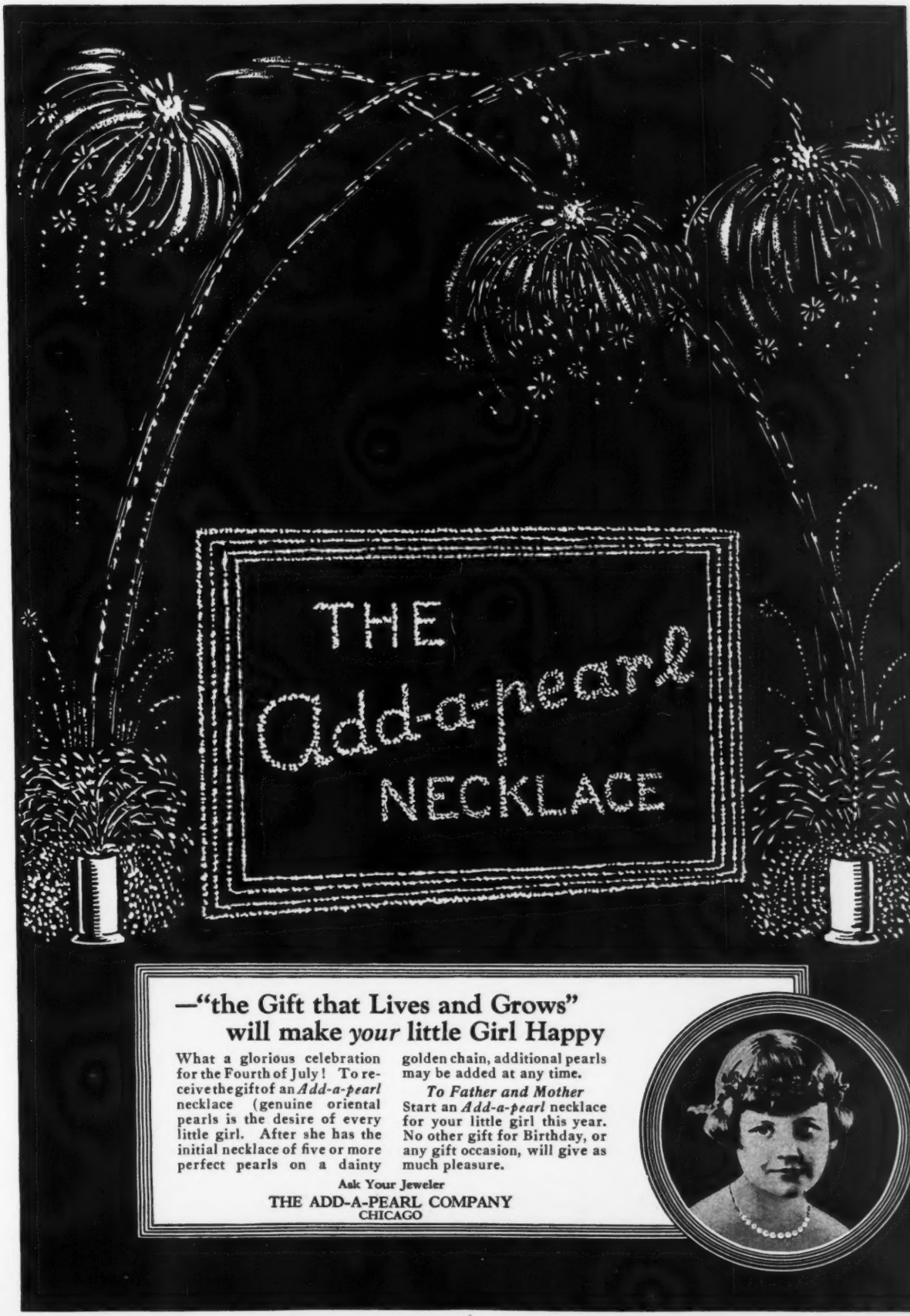










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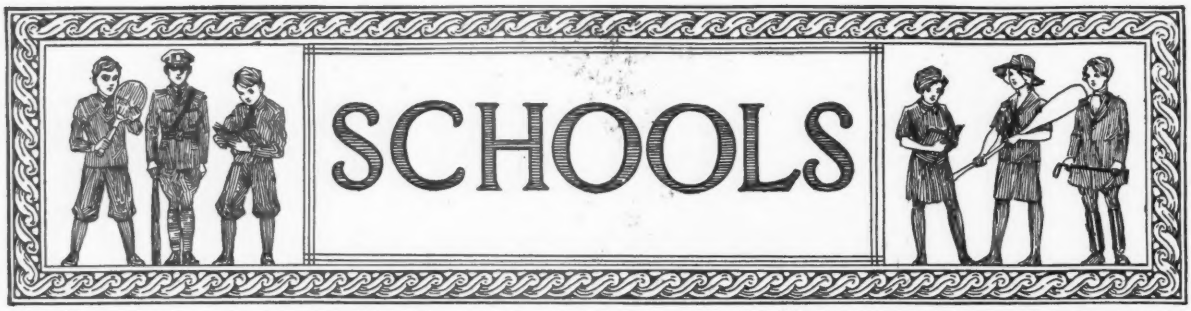
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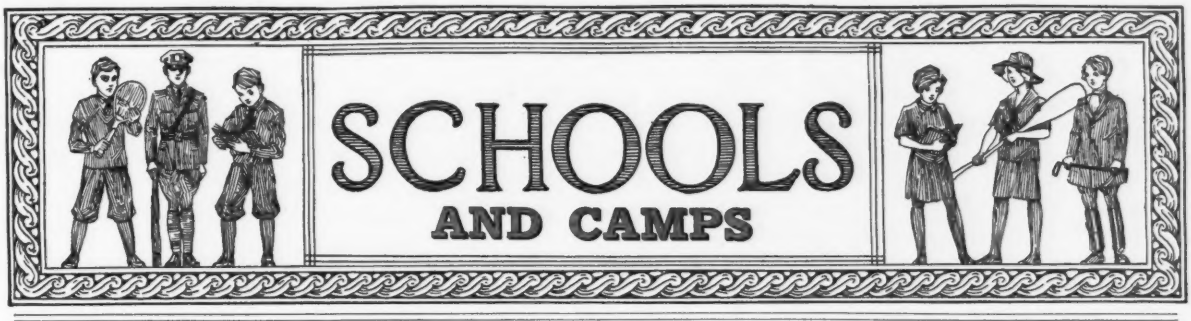
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THE MILITARY SCHOOL

By COLONEL ROY F. FARRAND,
Vice-President, Assn. of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

WHAT makes a victorious army? It is to a superlative degree the same qualities that lead to success in any field of human endeavor. It is the same qualities that mean success in civil life. It is knowledge, training, organization, coordination of effort, cooperation, persistence, alertness to take advantage of every opportunity, and lastly, that will-to-win, which we have learned to call "morale," and which is compounded of confidence in self, confidence in one's leaders and loyalty to the cause.

It is because of the development of these virtues, that the soldier willingly and dauntlessly, scans the bright face of danger, endures untold hardships, meets privations with fortitude, cultivates a cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, and faces death unflinchingly.

Now all these qualities are developed and fostered by the soldier's *training*, by *military* training, and my contention is that similar training, with proper and necessary modification, given by skilled instructors to ambitious, spirited, and intelligent American boys, will result in the development of a type of young manhood eminently fitted to go out into the world and meet the difficulties and problems, the moral dangers and the pitfalls, and win that victory over circumstances, which we have come to call the battle of life.

Military training in preparation for war, is a training which recognizes that mistakes will be paid for later in human lives. Military training, therefore, is based on scrupulous accuracy, on a refined precision, on painstaking exactitude. Mistakes must be eliminated, the penalty for them is too great. Slipshod methods will not do—the reckoning is too tragic. Half measures will not suffice—they may later spell disaster.

But should not training for peace have the same scrupulous accuracy; the same refined precision; the same painstaking exactitude? Will not a training that prepares men for the stupendous tasks of war, be even more efficacious in preparing them for the lesser tasks of peace?

Will not such training develop a superlative degree of efficiency in the performance of the tasks of every day life?

I believe that the answer to all these questions is obvious, and, that there is each year a wider acceptance of the correctness of that theory is attested, it seems to me, by the fact that the interest in military schools for the training of American boys is growing at a rate that would appear remarkable to anyone unacquainted with the sound basis of fact upon which they work.

It should be borne in mind that military drill is only a small part of the life of a good military school, and that while military drill has an important function, it is not by any means either the foundation or the cap stone of military training. The chief value to the boy in military school lies in the fact that everything he does or is required to do in his busy day, is done in a military manner and in accordance with the exact and accurate requirements of military regulations. He lives constantly in a military atmosphere. He lives, in other words, in an atmosphere of efficiency.

And the delightful thing about it all is that he likes it. He is at that impressionable age when at first the romance of the thing appeals to him. It is to him the old, delightful game of playing soldier come true, and so he enters into it with enthusiasm and whole-hearted devotion. It captures his interest from the start, because it appeals to his imagination; and any teacher will tell you that when you have *interested* your boy, you have won him. He is yours!

CAMPS



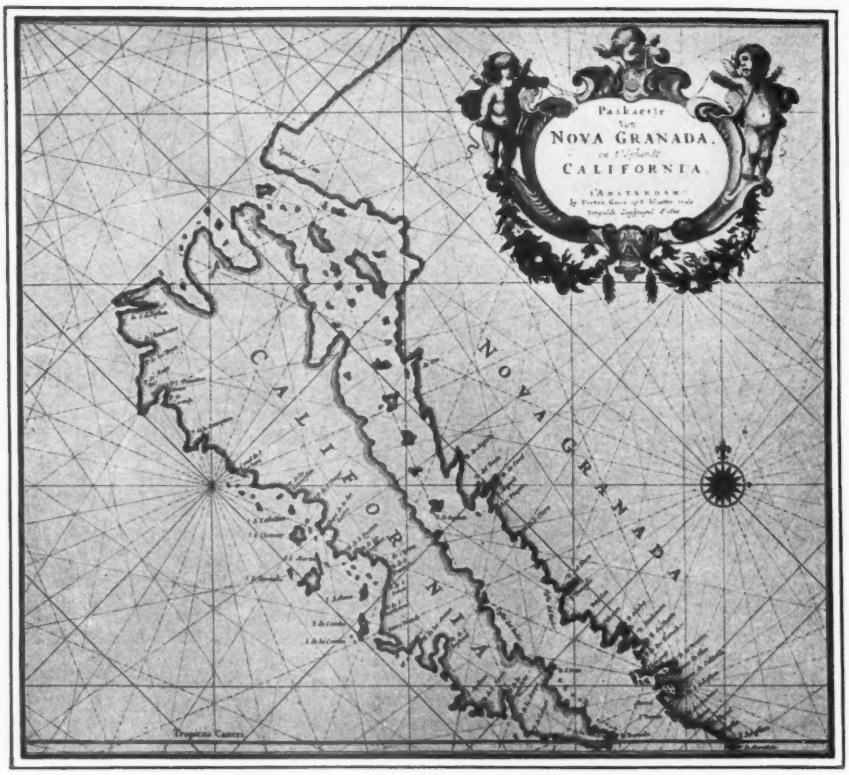
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POTATO SALAD

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

WHO plans to make something for the Fourth of July picnic basket? Who, indeed, if not the Child Life cooks? We love cooking for a holiday! We mean to plan ahead, do our ordering the day before and have everything so well managed that the grocery man does not have his vacation spoiled by rushing over to our kitchen with something we forgot. We want everyone to have time to celebrate our nation's birthday.

There are so many kinds of picnics—and we like them all. Sometimes Father comes home from the office unexpectedly and says, "How about a picnic?" Of course everyone is much thrilled and all rush around making sandwiches and packing any goodies we can find in the ice box or pantry, and in a few minutes we are off, having a glorious time.

But the Fourth of July picnic is different. It is planned ahead of time. All the marketing and cooking can be done the day before, so that only the actual putting together of sandwiches and packing the basket need be done on the festive day. This beforehand work gives the Child Life cooks a wonderful chance to help.

For instance, you can get the paper napkins ready. See if any are on hand and if they are in perfect condition. Nothing but the best goes into the Fourth of July picnic basket. If there are none on hand, buy a supply of new ones. It is fun to attend to this napkin business on a rainy day. Fold a season's supply into dainty squares and have them ready for use. Then see if you have plenty of paper plates and cups. Such convenient, pretty ones can be bought this summer at a very low price. (Only remember right here that good citizens always pick up the debris after a picnic and burn or bury all rubbish, so that the beautiful woods and country are left as clean and lovely as they found them.) Plan to have large plates for the main course and smaller ones for dessert. Paper cups—good strong ones—are nice for lemonade or iced tea. Then you will want forks and spoons—Mother can tell you which ones she plans to take and you can count them out and have them ready. Have plenty of paraffin paper as you will need that—sheets of it—every time you pack a picnic basket.

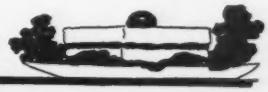


Now for the cooking lesson—this picnic dinner isn't to be all plates and napkins, not if we have anything to do with it! We couldn't have a very satisfactory picnic without them, of course, but there is no family with a Child Life cook that is not going to have something very delicious besides.

We have chosen to make potato salad—isn't that good news? There are two main reasons for this choice and a lot of little ones besides. Everyone likes potato salad, so our work is sure to be enjoyed; and this salad can be prepared beforehand—mostly—so we need not be working in the kitchen those last busy minutes before departure—two big advantages. Now get out your notebooks, and after you have copied the recipe, go to the pantry and make sure you have all supplies ready for work.

(Continued on page 448)





CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



Ted and Betsy Ann, who were keeping cool at the seashore, decided to wade over to a tiny island and go treasure hunting. Chip and Dick were nowhere to be seen, so they went without them.



They were so busy gathering queer shells that they didn't notice the tide had come in and that the water was rising . . . rising . . .



Then it wet their feet and they turned around. "We can't go back! We don't know how to swim!" gasped Betsy Ann. "Help!" shouted Ted, and whistled for Chip.



Chip heard the whistle and pulled Dick to the water's edge. "Coming!" called Dick and managed to row the big rowboat over to the dangerous island just in time.



"Well," said Betsy Ann, thankfully, as they landed on firm ground again. "Thank you, Dick, for the rescue, and thank you, Chip—" but Chip had found a lobster attached to him and didn't wait to be thanked.



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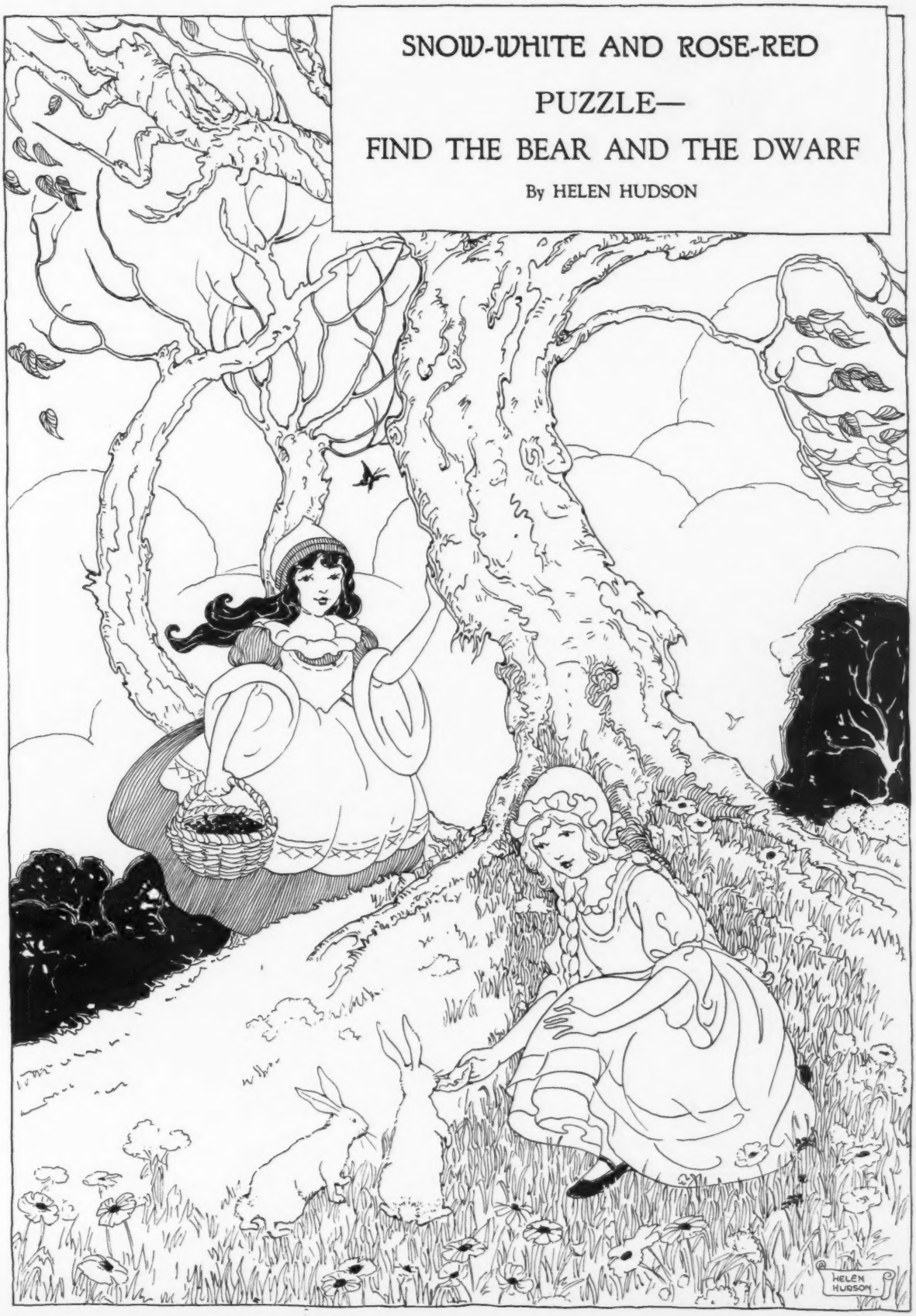
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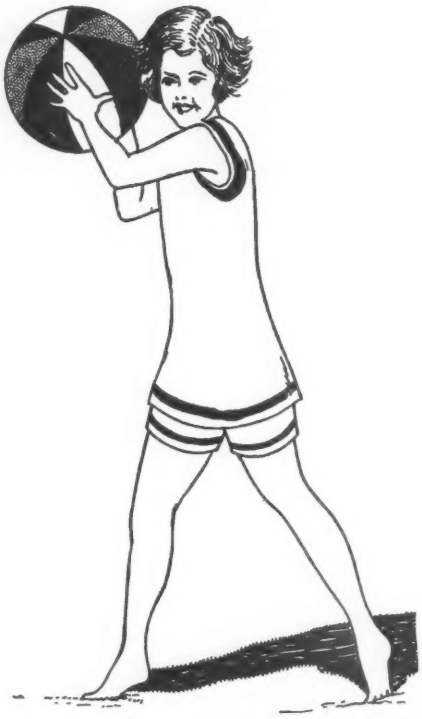
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WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

MAY COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Pike. Color: bluish or grayish with yellowish white spots.

WINNERS

BETTY BROUILLETTE, 3803 E. Olive St., Seattle, Wash., age 9.
MERRITT MOSELLE, 1135 N. Benton Way, Los Angeles, Calif., age 9.
DOROTHY BEAUDOUIN, 1925 Greenleaf St., Allentown, Pa., age 13.
LYMAN H. ORR, 116 Spadina Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Can., age 11½.

HONOR ROLL

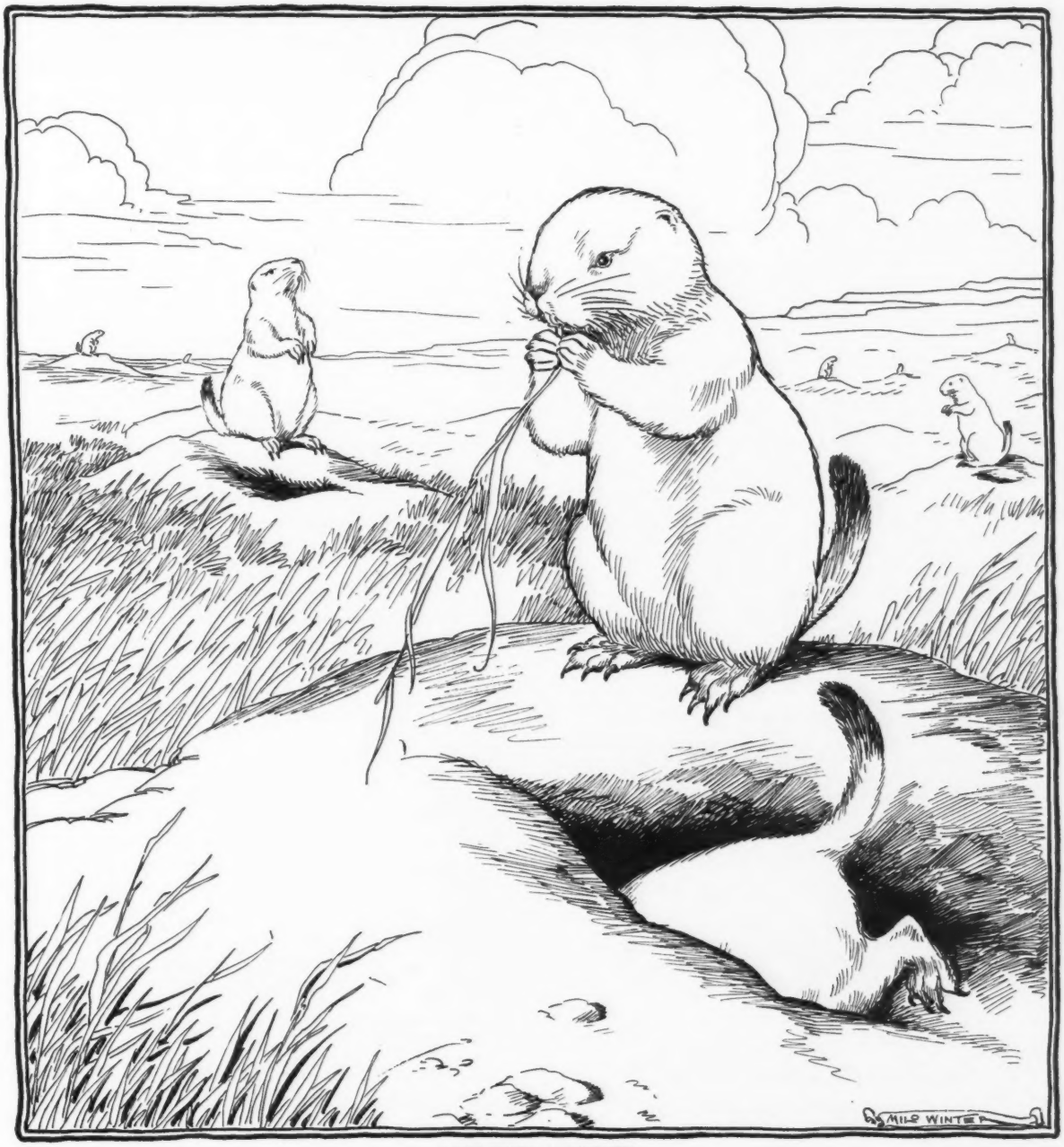
Ruth Albert
Lewis Ames
Cathryn Bayne
Lovinia Buell
Janet Bollum
Sue Beattie
Bobby Brockway
Blanche Babcock
Carrie B. Bonnell
Anne Babst
Sara Block
Delia Bracker
Edith Burgesser
La Nita Bradford
Ruth Breckbill
Elaine Burkhardt
John W. Brady
Frederick Byrne
Elnore J. Bradshaw
Wenda A. Bullen
Rene Bigue
Marilouise Buttgenbach
Frances Boswell
Lena Baldwin*
Vernon Bibby*
Lindsay Boyd
Helen Bogert
Charles Baldwin
Louis W. Bonsib, Jr.
Hilda Carmichael*
Betty Chalk
Frank Caldwell
Virginia Comnillo
Margaret Cox
Jessie M. Oatman
Betty Corbishby
Peggy Lou Corkett
Miss D. R. Cottrell
Betsy Chowen
Augustus Clemens
Helen Craft
Ruth Cowles
Ann Elizabeth Cavan
Roberta Campbell
Amy C. Durham*
Fairy Downs
Elnora Degree
Ruth L. Derks
Carol Denig
Margaret Earle
Sylvia Edmund
Tom Finch*
Walter Firestone
Ruth Gordon
Hubert P. Guy
Mary Gilmore
Dorothy Gill
Lamar Glazier
Jane Gage
David Gooder
Helen L. Gunderson
Frances Henson
Edward W. Hamblin
Marie Louise Holbrook
Lallye Henry
Arline R. Hoodwin
De Forest Holyoake
Winnifred Hughes
Fletcher Hanks, Jr.*
Margaret Hillyard
Ruth Hulme
Betty Ann Hubbard
Jean Heath
Betty Jordan
Jeanette Johnson
Carl Jensen
Gwendolyn James
Jane Jackson
John King
E. Phelps Kirsch
Winifred Kuznicki
David Klein
Eva Lowry
John J. Loper
Dorothy J. Lowry
Nancy Leask
Beatrice Lowe
Norman Leyden
Bill H. Leith
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Mary Miller
Betty Moyer
Melville Monheimer
Jack Mooney
Christine Miller
Frederick Morton
Pauline Milligan
David Nichols
Maxine Neely
Virginia Nelson
Gaylon Napper
Evelyn Nash
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Virginia Poole
Marjorie Pelletier
Rolph Pogue*
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Vivian Roberts
Jean Lou Ripley*
Dorothy Runyon
Nancy Del Russell
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Gladys Roberts
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Betty Summerson
Barbara C. Smith
Malcolm Strauss
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Kveta M. Sasko
Martha Steir
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Aldred J. Simons
Louise Stewart
Evelyn Smith*
Donald W. Sydow*
Marjorie Schaub

*Special mention



WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER FORTY

Dear Children: Read about me on page 435, then **tell my name** and **color me in my really truly colors.** Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., **before July 12.** Be sure to send your **name** and **age** and **address** with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

The Adventures of Bob and Betty and Red Tube

"You can eat in the diner and order from the menu. You can sleep in the berth and push the button that turns the little light on. But you can't run up and down the aisles during the daytime," said Nurse as she helped Bob pack his suitcase.

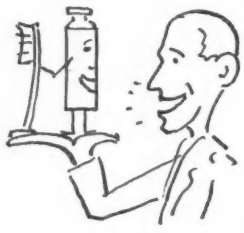


"This trip is going to be interesting," said Betty, "but not a great deal of fun!"

"Well, we can always look at the scenery," suggested Red Tube.

Everybody got up early the day that Bob and Betty and Red Tube left. It was very exciting, what with Red Tube making them almost miss the train by forgetting his cap at the last minute.

But just when the engineer blew the whistle for the last time, Bob and Betty and Red Tube clambered on the train.



Betty cried a little when she looked out of the window and saw Nipper running along beside their moving train.

But the old lady across the aisle looked so ridiculous that she soon forgot to cry. The old lady had a cap on her head, made out of a handkerchief that was knotted in each corner. And there were so many packages all around her there wasn't any room left to sit.

It was all very strange, and no one acted quite natural. You wouldn't have known Red Tube—for he hardly uttered a word the entire afternoon. And at dinner time no one could eat for watching the waiters, who didn't spill a single thing no matter how much the train lurched. Not to eat—certainly that wasn't natural.

It wasn't long after dinner until everyone decided to go to bed. Bob and Red Tube went back to the men's dressing-room. Three or four men were there already, so that there was no room for Red Tube, and he had to get up on the towel rack.



One man said to another man, "Say, I forgot my tooth paste—and I always like to brush my teeth before I go to bed."

Then Red Tube spoke right up. "Let me brush your teeth," said he.

The man without his tooth paste looked around until he discovered Red Tube—then he laughed and said, "You must be the little brother of the tooth paste I left at home. Come on down and brush my teeth."

Red Tube swung down from the towel rack laughing with glee—for he liked to meet people who knew his big brothers—it made the world seem so small after all.



If you send in the coupon below, Red Tube, Jr., will come to your home—and with him will come the Zingo Book—a fairy story.





COLGATE & COMPANY, Dept. 211G
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Please send me FREE a sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and also a Zingo Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

ONCE UPON A FOURTH OF JULY

(*Continued from page 401*)

One of the gentlemen consulted his watch. "We are late," he said. "Do you think you understand, Lem?"

"Ef the lil' boy will kindly repeat I reckon I'd have no trouble," said Lem.

"Maybe the little boy would ride a short distance to direct us," spoke up a kind-faced, white-haired gentleman.

"Why—why," stammered Derek, "why, I can go all the way if you'll take me, because I was going with Mr. Joynes and his children in their dearborn and I was to meet them at Herring Run Branch, but they had gone when I got there because there was a mistake about the time, so I was going to walk."

"Bud," said the kind-faced man with the white hair, "you won't walk to Tiverton to-day. Get in, and here's a flag to hold."

So Derek, with a wildly-beating heart, climbed in the elegant barouche, and sat between the two gentlemen on the back seat, and then off they fairly flew, behind the pair of shiny blacks, toward the crossroads. One of the gentlemen patted Derek's head and said, "Seems to me most of the celebration would have been over by the time you reached Tiverton."

"Well," said Derek, "I thought maybe I'd get there in time to hear the Governor speak and the patriotic singing."

So they passed the crossroads, took the left-hand road, went on to Delaney's Mill, on to the main road, and then before long they went dashing into Tiverton. Tiverton was a surging mass of people, with flags, bunting and bands, but a way was made for the barouche in which Derek rode and there was a roar of wild hurrahing as it stopped before the grand stand. The kind-faced gentleman with the white hair touched Derek on the shoulder. "Bud," he said, "you must come up in the grand stand with us until the parade passes. You couldn't possibly find your friends in this crowd."

Derek moved forward to the front of the grand stand with his new friends. Never had he expected to enjoy anything as wonderful as this. The parade was passing—gorgeous floats, men and women in costume on gayly-decorated horses. Here was Uncle Sam, the Goddess of Liberty, George Washington, Revolutionary soldiers, Miss America and—the band was coming—what was this? It was stopping, right in front of the grand stand. Suddenly up went a great shout:

"Hurrah for the Governor!"

Derek strained his eyes to see the Governor. But he wasn't quite sure which one was the Governor because there were so many elegant-looking men on horseback, and there was such a wild hubbub, and his pulses were beating so fast—and suddenly down below, right in the midst of the throng, he saw

(*Continued on page 450*)

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XL

By RUTH BRADFORD

YAP, yap, yap! Out on the western plains of the United States you may hear my cheerful cry, and if you look close, you will find me perched on a little hill. If you look very close you will notice that I'm a fat, friendly little fellow with a short tail and strong claws and legs, and that I weigh about two or three pounds, and measure about two feet in length. A scientist calls me CYNOMYS LUDOVICIANUS and says I belong to the squirrel family.

You probably won't find out all that, though, for of course I'll pop down into my burrow if you come too close. If you could follow me down the steep twelve foot shaft and through the winding tunnel that shoots out horizontally you might see why I appreciate my home-sweet-home. We have such cozy rooms way down here in the ground — family living rooms where our many babies enjoy themselves, rooms where we put rubbish, and storerooms where we tuck away meadow grass, alfalfa and other plants for winter food—for we do need food, although we can live without drinking.

It is because we feast on planted crops that farmers are no friends of ours. They even try to feed us poison weed. The ferret, fox, grey wolf, coyote, badger, eagle, hawk and rattlesnake are also our enemies. That's why we build that hard mound about our passageway where we can keep a sharp lookout for unfriendly company. The mound also keeps water from running into our burrow during flood season.

We are ever so sociable and build our homes close together in colonies that have usually a population of from forty to one thousand. In Arizona 7,200 of our burrows have been found, and in Texas one of our colonies is about 250 miles long and 100 miles wide.

Quite a metropolis—yap?



That SCOOTER FUN

AROUND the town we SCOOTER
Or off to school go we.
Our whizzing wheels and flashing bells
Are busy as can be.
We ride in "*Perfect Safety*"
For stopping only takes
A little touch—not very much
On ENDEE COASTER BRAKES.

JOHN MARTIN

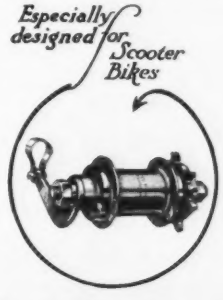
ENDEE Coaster Brake

CHAPTER III

THE tiniest tot of a child can operate the ENDEE Coaster Brake on a scooter bike —doing it almost instinctively—by reversing forward pedal motion. Each pedal pressure, however slight, causes the twelve steel and copper discs inside to squeeze together and stop the vehicle gently but positively. The ENDEE Coaster Brake is made on the principle of the multiple disc clutch in daddy's automobile. That's why parents insist that this safety control device shall be a part of the scooter bike their children ride.

PUZZLE FUN—GET ONE!!

FREE Boys and Girls, be busy "Scooters" and send today for your jolly puzzle, "THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN." It's fun —hurry up and get one! Just write to—



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

1291

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VACATION MEANS BOOKS TO READ

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND THRU THE LOOKING GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE
By Lewis Carroll. Pictures by Tenniel. (8-10) Children's Classics. $1.75. The perpetual friend of childhood—the ideal vacation companion.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN
By George MacDonald. Pictures by Frances Bedford. (8-10) Children's Classics. $1.75. Irene was a real princess—just the kind to read about at vacation time.

THE TALE OF THE GOOD CAT JUPIE
Story and pictures by Neely McCoy. (5-8) $1.75. It was just about this time of the year when Jean came to live with the big, black cat Jupie.

THE RABBIT LANTERN
By Dorothy Rowe. (6-8) $1.75. Delightful stories about Chinese children.

THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL
By Margery Williams Bianco. Pictures by Pamela Bianco. (4-6) The Little Library. $1.00. The little doll longed for friends—read how the field mice helped her find them.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT THE BIRDS SAID
By Padraic Colum. Pictures by Dugald Walker. (6-8) $1.75. Magical tales as the birds told them to a small boy.

JIMMIE, THE STORY OF A BLACK BEAR CUB
By Ernest Harold Baynes. (10-12) $1.60. A true story—with many photographs to prove it.

MERRYLIPS
By Beulah Marie Dix. (8-10) $1.75. Disguised as a little boy, Merrylips had many adventures in the stirring days of Puritan England.



THE MACMILLAN CO.
New York Boston Chicago Dallas
Atlanta San Francisco

THE TALKING MILL AND THE CHINA DOG

(Continued from page 405)

John thought that was a silly idea. But time was flying, and when he tried it he found that Timmy's hiding place was the exact size of the folded paper and he decided to try the plan.

He tore off a small piece of the letter and wrote on it, "For General Washington. Important! Please look in Timmy's hiding place for a message. Yours respectfully, John Perkins." and tied it on Timmy's neck by a piece of Samantha's pink hair ribbon. Then he put Timmy in the center of the bread and cakes and jellies which his mother had sent and handed the basket to the sentinel.

Of course, John and Samantha watched Timmy as long as they could see him. And Timmy smiled back from the basket as if to say, "Don't be afraid. I'll be back soon."

And sure enough, only a few minutes later, the man came hurrying back, without the basket, but with Timmy carried carefully in his arms and he saluted respectfully as he handed the dog to John.

Of course, John looked into Timmy's hiding place right away to see whether everything was all right. As he had expected, the big letter was gone, but to his surprise he found in its place a little note addressed to "Scout John Perkins," and when he opened it he read the following:

"Dear John: Your country and your general thank you and Hal for the message you have sent us. It comes just in time. We are off to the surprise party at once. My heartfelt thanks to your mother and Miss Samantha for their help also.

Your grateful general,
George Washington"

"Hooray, hooray!" cried John, as he told Samantha what the General had said.

"Hooray!" answered Samantha. "And I'm glad Timmy came back all right," she added as she gave him a kiss on his brown china head.

Of course, Grandma Perkins, like most grandmothers, was more than glad to have her children come to visit her. And, when she heard how brave they had been and how much they had helped General Washington,

she planned all kinds of parties and picnics and other good times to show how proud she was of them.

But, before long, some wonderful news came from home. George Washington had won such a great battle at the ford that the whole village was planning to give him a reception. And, of course, they wanted John and Samantha to help. So, not long after, the great stagecoach stopped at Grandmother Perkins' door again and John and Samantha and Timmy climbed up beside the coachman and the four prancing horses carried them home as fast as they could go.

I wish I could tell you all about that reception and the beautiful decorations and the mottoes and the torchlights and all the other things the people planned to welcome General Washington. Samantha sang songs with the other little girls and she wore a beautiful red, white, and blue band around her curls, with the words, "Our Hero," printed on it in gold letters. And John and Hal, because they were such fine big boys and had become such good drummers, marched at the head of the procession with fife and drum corps. They, too, wore red, white and blue sashes which crossed their shoulders and tied at the side, and these said, "Welcome to the conqueror."

"Do you suppose General Washington will know us in all this crowd?" whispered John to Hal when they were waiting for the parade to begin.

"Not much chance of his knowing *me*," laughed Hal. "He never saw me."

"He'll know you all right," insisted John, although he wasn't very sure. "He knows all about you and," he added with a grin, "you know he heard you *talk*."

And sure enough, when General Washington dismounted from his handsome war-horse, Nelson, he caught sight of John and came right over to shake hands with him. And then he turned to Hal and said, "And, if I am not mistaken, this is Hal Benham, the other brave scout who helped us give our surprise party to the English." And then, with all the people looking at them, he thanked them both for their help, before he went up to the platform to deliver his speech. And in all America, that day, it would have been hard to find two happier boys than John Perkins and Hal Benham.



Joyous Days
For Blue Ribbon Children!

Gay, bright days, full of warmth and sunshine, are calling little folks to come out and play. With Blue Ribbon Products, so strong and handsome, there is more jolly fun in every happy hour.

DAPPLE GRAY has a handsome hand-decorated cast aluminum horse's head, a bright red seat, black undergears, red wheels and big rubber tires. The patented swivel joint will never bind, wobble or come loose. Made in two sizes.





PITTY-PAT is exactly like Dapple Gray except that it has a nickel plated handle bar and post, with rubber handle bar grips. The patented swivel joint will never wobble, bind or come loose. Made in two sizes.



PEDAL GRAY is exactly like Dapple Gray, except that he is bigger—for little folks who want something to "make go." Finished in baked enamel like Dapple Gray. The big front wheel has ball bearing pedal action and rubber covered pedals.

SNUGGLE BUGGY, the 12-pound Blue Ribbon Carriage has many uses. Instantly collapsed with one hand. Easily carried. Makes a fine comfortable bed for baby. May be used as a perambulator. Endorsed by mothers everywhere. Disc wheels; rubber tires. Finished wooden handle for pushing or carrying.

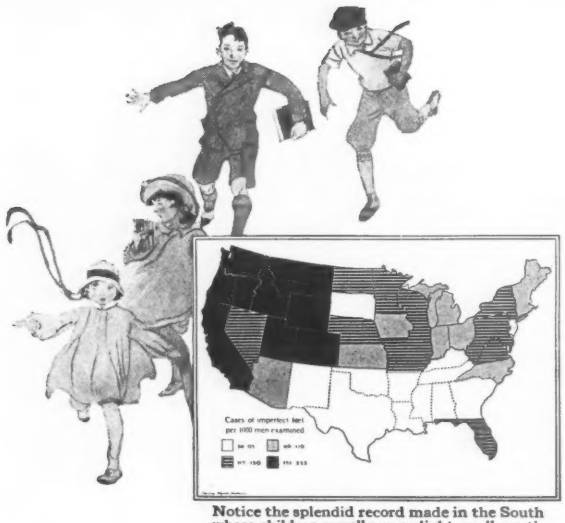




Just send your name and address for your free copy of our Jingle Book. We will also tell you all about the Blue Ribbon things.

JUNIOR WHEEL GOODS CORP.
KOKOMO - - - - INDIANA

BLUE RIBBON
Wheel Goods of Quality



Notice the splendid record made in the South where children usually wear light, well-ventilated shoes like Keds.

Pattering little feet

This test of 3,000,000 young men will show you how to start your children on the road to permanent foot health . . .

DRAFT Boards during the Great War found over 300,000 cases of serious foot defects among 3,000,000 young men examined.

In those states where heavy, ill-fitting shoes are most extensively worn in childhood, almost one-fourth of all the men had flat feet. In sections like the South where children go barefoot or wear very light shoes only five to ten per cent were so crippled.

That is why so many specialists today are saying to mothers "put your children in Keds." For Keds give barefoot freedom without its risks.

Keds uppers are of light, strong canvas. Soles are of durable rubber, with special Feltex inner soles to keep the feet cool in the hottest weather. Keds usually cut dollars from the summer shoe bill.

Keds come in all popular styles—Prices $1.25 to $4.50. They are made only by the

United States Rubber Company



THE "SPORTSTER"
A sturdy, athletic-trim Keds model—white or brown—both models with gray soles.



THE "MOCCASIN" TYPE
A Keds "Moccasin" type with vulcanized crepe rubber sole. Built for hard wear.

They are not **Keds**
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
unless the name Keds *is on the shoe*

OUR SONGS OF LIBERTY

(Continued from page 407)

prisoners until the shelling of Fort McHenry was over.

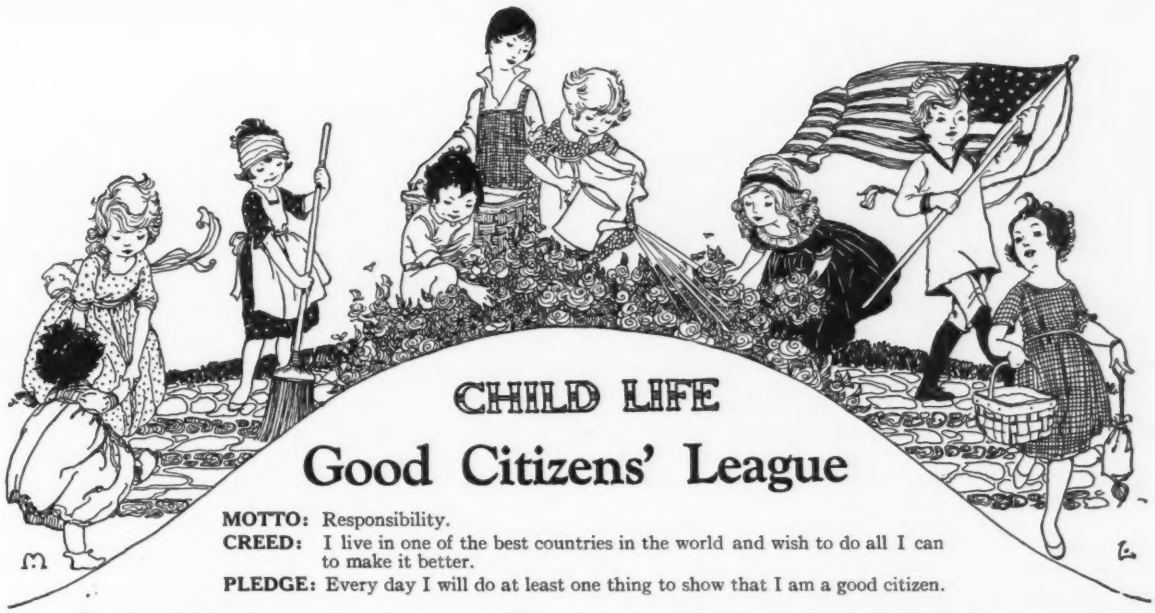
If you young patriots can imagine how you would feel to be held as prisoners on the warship of your country's foe, while your own fort and flag were being fired on by the very ship that held you, then you will thrill with Key's joy when next morning he saw, "by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,"—*our flag*—"whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, o'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming."

Key inspired, as you would have been, by the sight of "Old Glory" still triumphant, wrote there and then on the back of a letter he had in his pocket the verses we love so much. Key and his little party were given their freedom at once, and immediately upon return to Baltimore his inspired poem was printed on handbills, and distributed to soldiers and citizens under the title of "The Bombardment of Fort Henry." No wonder is it that the words of the song—now called "The Star Spangled Banner"—stirs in us a love of our homeland as nothing else does. So sing it with a will, children, and be sure to commit to memory the words of every stanza, for they were written by an American patriot for loyal Americans of all time.

To me, no story of our songs of liberty would be complete without mention at least of such later national songs as "John Brown's Body Lies A-moulding in the Grave" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—these wonderful verses sung to the "John Brown" tune. Last July, John Alden Carpenter, the composer of one of our most beautiful homeland songs—"The Home Road"—wrote you a personal letter, telling all "Child Life" readers how, when, and why he wrote the words and music to this masterpiece of eighteen measures. The soul and spirit of the "Fourth of July" is contained in these songs we have sung. Learn them, words and music, for the glorious fight for liberty made by your own ancestors sounds forth from every note.

Now after a noisy, happy day, the sun is setting and we can rest ourselves and renew our loyalty to America by singing "The Home Road." Let's do it now:

"Sing a song of Freedom,
Fling the banner high!
Sing the Songs of Liberty,
Songs that shall not die.
For the long, long road to Tipperary
Is the road that leads me home,
O'er hills and plains, by lakes and lanes,
My Woodlands! My Cornfields! My Country!
My Home!"



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Patriotic Etiquette

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League marched in the Independence Day parade and then joined the rest of the townspeople in celebrating at the park. It is to be doubted if anybody in Brocton had a better time or drank more lemonade or joined more lustily in the patriotic singing; and the next day at the regular meeting of the league, it was a tired but happy group of boys and girls who met on Miss Bradley's front porch.

"Did you see Mayor Thornton yesterday?" asked Elizabeth. "Why, he wouldn't let the program start until he had changed the flag on the speaker's platform."

"Of course, he wouldn't," said David. "Didn't you notice how it was draped across the speaker's desk?"

Elizabeth was puzzled, and Miss Bradley, the counselor, hastened to explain, "According to the etiquette of the flag, it must be displayed above and behind the speaker. Red, white and blue bunting may be draped across the front of the platform, but the flag itself must never be used as a decoration."

"I should have known that, I suppose." Elizabeth blushed. "But there are so many things to learn about the flag that I never seem able to remember all of them."

"It wouldn't be hard, if every day we learn one new fact about caring for the flag," said Miss Bradley. "We'll take 'Patriotic Etiquette' for our subject this month; then each week when we meet, each of us will have learned seven new points which we can tell each other. Of course, mere etiquette, mere form and nothing else, is not enough for patriotism, just as real devotion to one's mother does not consist in opening a door for her and allowing her to pass through first. But it's mighty important all the same, for etiquette, in both cases, is the outward symbol of our respect and love."

"I already know that the American flag has the right-hand position when carried in a parade with the flag of another country," said Miriam proudly.

"Yes, and that it should not be raised before sunrise and must be lowered at sunset," added Bill.

At the last July meeting, which was held at Miriam's home, the members of the Brocton league chose sides, just as in an old-fashioned spelling match, and Miss Bradley asked questions, first of one side and then the other, concerning the etiquette of the flag. It was fortunate that no prize had been offered, because each of them would have deserved it. Everyone there answered correctly the questions which the counselor asked.

Miriam's mother came out on the porch, carrying a tray with ice-cold lemonade and little cakes.

Miriam followed, with the favors. "For the winners of the match," she said, as she handed a tiny American flag to each member of the league.

THE CODE OF THE FLAG

FOLLOWING are a number of the principal rules governing the display and the correct use of the Flag of the United States of America:

The official name of our flag is the Flag of the United States of America. It should be flown on Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, and on any other patriotic occasions. On Memorial Day the flag should be at half staff until noon, then raised to the peak for the rest of the day.

The flag is not raised before sunrise and is lowered at sunset. In raising and lowering the flag it must not touch the ground. Those present at the ceremony should stand at attention, ready to salute.

To salute the flag correctly, stand at attention, raise the right hand to the forehead over the right eye, palm downward, fingers extended and close together, the arm at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Move hand outward about twelve inches and drop to side.

According to the interpretation of the Continental Congress, the blue of the flag stands for perseverance and justice, the white for purity and innocence and the red for hardiness and valor.

The Flag of the United States has the right-hand position when carried in a parade with the flag of another country. It has the right-hand place when crossed with the flag of another nation, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag. When grouped with other flags, it takes the highest place and must be of the same height and size. When displayed on a staff the field of blue must touch the head of the staff. When the flag is displayed either vertically or horizontally against a wall, the Union should be uppermost and at the flag's right. When displayed on a cord between two points, so that both sides are visible, the stripes must be vertical, with the Union to the north in an east or west street or hall, and to the east in a north or south street or hall. When displaying the flag in the nave of a church, it should be at the congregation's right as they face the minister. When in the chancel, the flag is at the minister's right. When displayed on a speaker's platform, it should be above and behind the speaker, hung high enough so as to be above the heads of any persons sitting on the platform.

When worn as a badge, the flag should be small and without folds and pinned to the left breast of dress or coat or to the left coat lapel. It must not be used as a part of a costume or as a decoration; and no advertising or lettering must appear upon it. The flag must never be used as a trademark for merchandise.

League Membership

Any boy or girl, who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application,

(*Continued on page 445*)



Thompson's Chocolate "DOUBLE MALTED"

MALTED MILK *at home*

In two shakes. Like MAGIC. Plain milk is changed into delicious chocolate malted milk. Any child can make it at home for himself, by himself. Children who wouldn't touch milk, love their three glasses a day prepared this new way.

Just two spoonfuls of Thompson's in a shaker or a Mason jar, and a little milk—and shake! The chocolate malted milk will dissolve without lumping.

30 glasses cost only 60 cents.

It is so easy to make. It costs so little. Buy Thompson's at any druggist or grocer, or send 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and we will send you a three day trial package.

THOMPSON'S MALTED FOOD CO.
Waukesha, Wis.

Thompson's
"DOUBLE MALTED"
Sweet Chocolate Flavor
Malted Milk



IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

Solve Your School Problem By Filling Out the Coupon!

THE CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education has on file complete data on all of the best schools in the United States. Miss Dora L. Van Alstine, who is now Director of the CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education is familiar, through personal contact, with the majority of the schools and camps whose literature we have on file for your reference.

The CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION has been established as a service to our subscribers, and we want you to use its facilities to solve your school and camp problems.

Why not mail the coupon below today and let us show you how well CHILD LIFE can serve you?

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Miss Dora L. Van Alstine, Director
CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION
270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in selecting a school suitable or a boy ☐ a girl ☐ age.....

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

(Continued from page 419)

she could and was just in time to scramble on the end of the raft as he pushed out from shore.

While the chipmunk paddled slowly along, pausing every little while to rest on his oar, Andy, perched comfortably on the raft with her feet sticking out over the water, had time to look about her.

The pond was full of islands, some large, some small. Most of them were merely tussocks of stiff, spiky grass and rushes, not at all inviting to look at, but others here and there had beautiful colored mosses growing upon them, emerald and red, strange-shaped plants with giant leaves and huge white flowers that towered on shining stems above the water. Glistening dragon flies swooped and dipped, pursuing the gnats that danced in the sunlight, and wherever a gnat touched the water it made a trembling golden pattern on the sand below. Many of these islands looked so attractive and exciting that Andy would have given anything to land for a little while and explore them, but she did not dare to ask such a favor of the chipmunk.

Once, as they passed near, Andy managed to reach out and snatch at one of the white flowers that looked so tempting. It was too big for her to grasp, and only a single petal broke away in her hand. It was quite large and perfectly rounded, with a crinkly edge, just like the dinner plates at home.

While she was still admiring it, the chipmunk stopped rowing and pointed with his paddle to the opposite shore which they were now approaching, and where a flat rock, sloping down into the water, provided a natural landing stage.

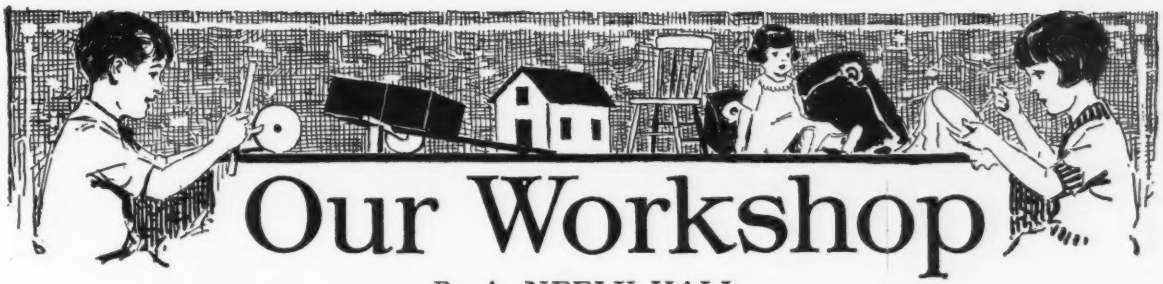
"There's where we land," he said, "and over there on the big stump is where they hold the auction."

At the word "auction" Andy suddenly remembered her precious clothes and their fate, which she had almost forgotten in the excitement of the trip. Casting her white petal into the water she immediately burst into howls, sobbing and sniffing so loudly that the chipmunk quite lost his temper.

"Stop that horrid noise, do!" he shouted. "I've no patience with it! You should have thought of all this sooner and then it wouldn't have happened. As it is, you may think yourself lucky to get off so easily, and if you don't stop snivelling right now and get ready to help me ashore with the bundle, I'll charge you for the ferry ride as well!"

At this threat Andy gulped back her tears, and muttering, "Hateful old thing!" she sat quite still, hugging her clothes tightly to her bosom, while the raft slid gently forward and brought up with a little bump at the landing stage.

(Next month at the auction Andy bids good-by to her striped skirt, her petticoat with the real lace ruffles and her precious apron. And then—well, a raccoon does something very surprising and almost before she knows it Andy is having the most exciting adventure of her life.)



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

A BOW AND ARROW, AND A TARGET

OF COURSE, you want a bow and arrow, and I am going to show you how you can make a good outfit without it costing a cent.

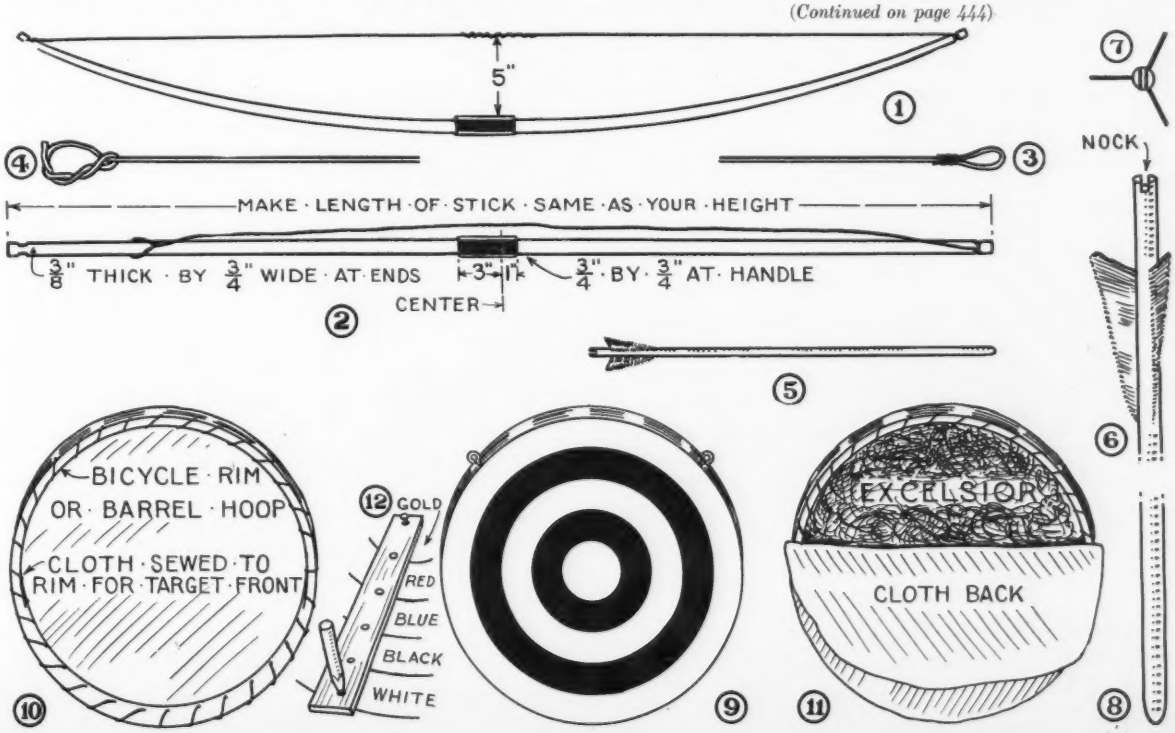
The simplest bow to make is a rib from a broken umbrella, with a strong cord attached to its ends. It can be made in a jiffy. Next, comes the bow made of a tree branch, with ends notched to receive the bowstring. It can be made quickly, too. But the right kind of a branch must be found, a straight green branch, preferably of hickory or ash.

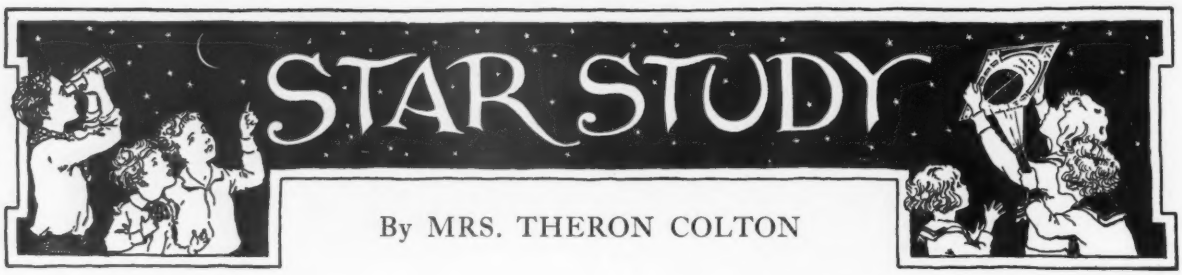
The bow shown in Fig. 1 of the diagrams was made of a square stick. A long bow usually is as long as the archer is high. But you may make yours shorter if you want to. Much will depend upon the length of stick you can get. A good place to find a straight stick free from knots, cracks and other defects is a carpenter's shop, or the site of a new building. Here there is usually a pile of waste strips, that have been sawed off boards, that the boss will gladly let you select from. Then there are strips cut and planed smooth that can be bought at a lumber yard at a cost of two cents a foot.

Figure 2 shows a stick that measured ¾ inch square to start with. That is the measurement of the finished bow at the handle. From that point the stick *tapers*, or narrows down, to a thickness of ⅜ inch at the ends. Tapering the stick makes the ends more pliable. The best way to taper it is with a plane. Planing is better than whittling, because it can be done more evenly, and without splitting the wood. If you haven't a plane, use a thinner stick and do not attempt to taper it.

Figure 2 shows the inner face of the bow-stick. Notice that the handle is not located at the exact center, but extends 1 inch one side of the center and 3 inches the other side. Notch the sides of the stick near the ends, as shown, for the attachment of the bowstring. Sandpaper all surfaces very smooth, and the edges round. Then finish the wood with varnish-stain, or with shellac, or simply rub

(Continued on page 444)



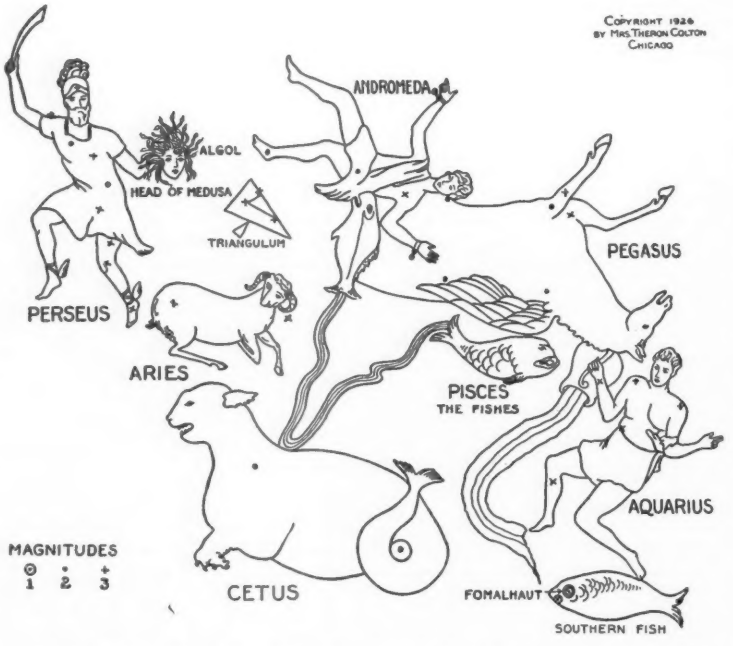


By MRS. THERON COLTON

PAINTING star maps, putting stars in their places, reading stories about the stars and Greek gods and heroes—what a fascinating way to make friends with the stars! And yet when you are doing these things, which you enjoy so much, you are learning about the stars in the very best way.

Each map is a picture of a different part of the sky. When you know the maps—so that you can close your eyes and name the constellations on each map—you should be able to look up into the sky and pick out the important constellations and the brightest stars.

Star Study has been appearing in CHILD LIFE since April; so you have been thinking about the stars for three months. If you have been watching the stars from week to week, you must have noticed that the Big Dipper has moved from a position east of the Pole Star to one south of it; Leo has crossed the sky and is setting in the west; Arcturus and Spica, following the curve of the handle of the Big Dipper, are now directly over our heads at this time of the year.



STARS SEEN AFTER THE SUMMER STARS AND BEFORE THE WINTER STARS

The Summer Stars will be well up in the sky by the end of the month, so you must watch the eastern sky in order that you may find the stars on your new map.

Place this map beside the map called Summer Stars, so that Pegasus will be next to Cygnus. Pegasus will rise, first, a little north of east. The stars form a large square with a tiny triangle at the upper right-hand corner.

The star in the upper left-hand corner of the square is the head of Andromeda. Once you have found the star that marks Andromeda's head, you can easily see the whole constellation because the other three stars form a straight line to the northeast. The great hero, Perseus, holding the head of Medusa in his hand, will rise in the far northeast. To find the stars that represent him in the sky, look for a curved line of stars just north of Andromeda. It is fitting that Perseus should be near Andromeda in the sky, since it was he who rescued her from the dragon when she was chained to the rocks because her mother, Cassiopeia, bragged so much about her own beauty.

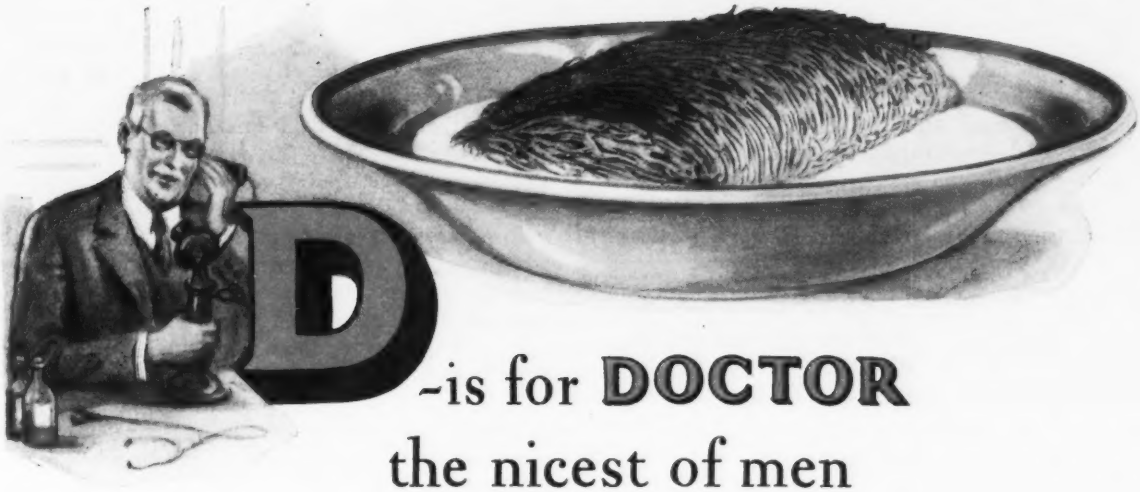
Algol is the famous star that marks the head of Medusa in the sky. The ancient people called it the demon star because it is not always of the same brightness. They thought it seemed to be winking at them. We know now that Algol has a moon traveling around it just as our Earth has. When the moon is between the Algol and the Earth, it makes Algol look like a very faint star.

Try to think of Pegasus, Andromeda, and Perseus as one big group of stars that come up together right after the Summer Stars and just before the Winter Stars.

Fomalhaut is the only one of the "brightest stars" on this map. It will rise in the southeast about September first, cross the southern sky and set in the southwest during December. Fomalhaut is in the constellation called the Southern Fish.

The tiny triangle called Triangulum may be found just below Andromeda. The stars marking the head of Aries make another small triangle. Aries represents the ram with the golden fleece. Cetus, the whale, Aquarius, the water carrier, and Pisces, fishes, are interesting to read about, but are not easily found in the sky.

(*Continued on page 450*)



D -is for **DOCTOR**
the nicest of men
Ask him 'bout
Shredded Wheat
He'll tell you then



MOTHER KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

VISITING NUREMBERG

(*Continued from page 415*)

it had been Gretchen herself. Then he invited the children and their grandfather to come back into his shop, and share his afternoon coffee.

Ruth and Bill had never even tasted coffee, and were surprised to learn that German children are allowed to drink it when they are very young. Mr. Pepperbox remembered that they never had taken it when he offered it to them in his shop in New York; and with an air of mystery, he asked to be excused a moment, while he ran out to a shop across the street.

He returned with a tin box painted as gayly as the toys in his window.

"Here are some Lebkuchen for you," he said, as he opened the box.

"Grandfather told us that Nuremberg was famous for its cookies," Ruth cried.

"Ja—so," he answered, delighted that he could please his guests. "Sweet cookies!" Bill exclaimed, as his teeth sank into the crisp, spicy cake filled with almonds.

Grandfather had intended to start for England the next morning, but Mr. Pepperbox urged them so earnestly to stay and see his little Gretchen, that they waited for an afternoon train. She was in his shop with him when they returned the next morning.

She was a round-faced little girl about Ruth's age. Her hair was parted very smoothly in the middle, and braided in two stubby pigtails. Her face was so clean that it looked as if it might have been scrubbed with a brush. Her tight blue waist had a very full skirt which came almost to her ankles, and over it, she wore a starched white apron, that was trimmed in a wide band of red embroidery. She smiled shyly at the American children, and clung to her grandfather's knee.

He could keep the doll no longer, and her shyness vanished when he gave it to her. She rocked it in her arms, and then gave it to Ruth to rock, and when Ruth handed it back, Gretchen's face was covered with a smile.

It was with happy memories of Nuremberg that Ruth and Bill turned their faces toward Norway.

QUEER THINGS

ROBERT BEARDSLEY

UP ON the roof is the weathercock,
And he turns and he turns, though he is no clock.

Out in the garden the sundial stands,
And he tells the time, though he has no hands.

OUR WORKSHOP

(*Continued from page 441*)

it with boiled linseed oil. Glue on a piece of plush.

Bow-strings are usually made of a dozen or more strands of shoemaker's thread, waxed with beeswax and twisted together. But you can use a piece of strong flax wrapping-twine for your string, and Fig. 4 shows the way to attach the other end with what is known as a *timber hitch.* Slip the loop over one notched end, bend the bow until the distance between the handle and the string is 5 inches (Fig. 1), then quickly hitch the string over the other notched end. The center of the string for a distance of 5 inches is wrapped with silk thread, as in Fig. 1.

Arrows must be straight and round, about ⅜ inch in diameter. You can whittle them out of square sticks, but dowel-sticks will save you this work, and you can buy these at a hardware store or a lumber yard. Twenty-four inches is the correct length for arrows for a bow bowed 5 inches.

One end of the arrow stick must be notched to form the *nock* for the bowstring to fit in (Fig. 6), the other end rounded off (Fig. 8). Cut the notch with a small saw, round the end with a file and sandpaper. The Indian used to fit his arrow with heads of stone, but the rounded stick end is best for your purpose.

Feathering the arrow is particular work. Chicken feathers will do if you cannot get turkey or goose feathers. Select three that are of exactly the same size. Trim them to the shape shown in Fig. 6, and glue them to the stick about 1¼ inches from the end, spacing them as shown in Fig. 7, with one feather placed at right angles to the nock. This feather, known as the *cock feather*, points to the left when the arrow is in position for shooting.

In shooting with a bow and arrow, have a target to shoot at, and place it against a wall or bank of earth so there will be no danger of a stray shot.

You can easily make the dandy target shown in Fig 9. Its frame is an old bicycle rim, but a barrel hoop will do. Cover one side of the rim or hoop with a piece of cloth, basting it in place with thread, as shown in Fig. 10. Cut another piece of cloth to cover the opposite side and attach it to one-half of the side (Fig. 11). Then get some excelsior, dampen it, and stuff it inside of the rim until the space between the covers is packed solid. Then fasten the cloth over the remaining half of the side. Screw a pair of screweyes into the rim for hangers.

The target face may be drawn upon paper, then pasted upon the covered rim. There should be a *bulls-eye* of gold or yellow, generally spoken of as the *gold*, and four rings painted red, blue, black and white. For drawing the target circles, use a stick drilled with six holes, a nail for a center and a pencil for marking, for a compass. Such a compass is shown in Fig. 12. Lacking several colors, one color will do. Diluted laundry blueing is good water color for the purpose. Fill in the rings carefully, and you will have a target that you may well be proud of.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(*Continued from page 439*)

giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league and shall mail pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

A Good Citizen—Patriotic Etiquette

1. I helped with an Independence Day celebration.
2. I hung out a flag on Independence Day.
3. I read or listened to the story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.
4. I learned the names of several of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
5. I learned how the first American flag came to be made.
6. I learned for what qualities the red in our flag is supposed to stand.
7. I learned for what qualities the white in our flag is supposed to stand.
8. I learned for what qualities the blue in our flag is supposed to stand.
9. I learned the official name of our flag.
10. I learned the names of the holidays on which the flag should be displayed.
11. I learned the correct way of flying the flag on Memorial Day.
12. I learned the correct way of raising and lowering the flag.
13. I learned to give the salute to the flag.
14. I learned the correct way to wear the flag as a badge.
15. I learned what is the correct position of the Flag of the United States when carried with another flag in a parade.
16. I learned what is the correct position of the Flag of the United States, when displayed with other flags on staffs.
17. I learned what is the correct way to display the flag when both sides are equally visible, as across a street or corridor.
18. I learned what is the correct way to display the flag on a speaker's platform.
19. I learned what is the correct way to display the flag in church.
20. I learned to recognize the flags of several other countries beside my own.
21. I earned the money to buy a new flag (small or large).
22. I memorized a patriotic poem.
23. I memorized "The Star Spangled Banner" or some other patriotic song I did not know before.
24. I read or listened to the story of how "The Star Spangled Banner" came to be written.
25. I learned several new facts about one of my favorite patriotic heroes.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Readers who do not live in the United States will want to learn, instead of the rules governing the use of the Flag of the United States, the rules concerning the care and display of the flag of their own nation. Write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your July list of good deeds in time to reach us by August 5th, if you want your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for March

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of March:

Herbert Anderson
Vonda Bash
Evelyn Bixby
Robert Blood
Mary Bradley
Dorothy Buckley
Carroll Connely
Elaine Druliner
June Foote
Nona Fryan
Lucille Grieger
Ella Grinder
Clifford Hall
Hillis F. Hall
Wilma Hanson
Charles Hauser
Belle Hawk
Ruth Hayner
Helen Hollingsworth
Vivian Hollingsworth
Ruby Holtdorf
Douglas Houchins
Ruth A. Johnson
Burdetta Jones
Viola Kanis
Lorraine King
Evelyn Krause
Irene Krug
Elsie Kuss
Ruth Kuss
Ruby Memler
Edwin Morey
Clarice Morris
Mary Ann Muller
Ruth Nett
Wendell Newby
George O'Bryon
Alvin Pagel
Elizabeth Patton
Marion Pixler
Quentin Reynolds
Calvin Rogers
Marjorie Rowell
George Rush
Wilbur Rush
Dorothy Schold
Raymond Schold
Kenneth Schuelke
Nancy Sloan
Cora Stanfield
Margaret Stupeck
William Sullivan
Byron Tilden
Orpha Troning
Mary J. Wallace
Velda Whitley
Cleo Wiesjahn
Robert Wittmaack
Katherine E. Zeis

PATRICIA'S PARASOL

(*Continued from page 412*)

Mr. Calhoun told her that was foolish pride. "Everyone is in the same plight," he said. "Come, I see your grandmother's carriage waiting."

In the excitement of the arrival they lost sight of the lady in black silk, and not until the next day did they learn who she was. About eleven o'clock the next morning Patricia and Betsy were in the upstairs sitting room with their grandmother. All traces of the grime and smoke of the journey had long since been removed. They were learning some new sampler stitches when old Abe, the family servant, came into the room.

"Cap'n McIntosh an' his ma to see Mis' 'Tricia Calhoun," he announced with ill-concealed pride.

Patricia gasped. The famous captain of the War of 1812 wanting to see her! There must be some mistake.

"Smooth your braids and go down, my dear," said her grandmother. "I rather expected they would call after what your father told me."

With many misgivings Patricia tucked back her braids and patted her full skirts into shape. How glad she was she had not worn even this second best dress on the journey! With a fast-beating heart she descended the broad stairs and entered the parlor where the guests were waiting. Just inside the door she curtsied, her eyes still on the floor.

Then a kind voice made her look up in surprise. "You seem to be none the worse for your hard journey yesterday, my dear."

Patricia could not suppress a gasp of surprise when she recognized the little lady as her companion of yesterday. Was she the mother of the famous Captain McIntosh?

"My son brought me over to thank you for making my journey a little more endurable yesterday," she was saying.

"And Mother has brought you this parasol to replace the one that was ruined," said the captain, rising.

He opened and held out for Patricia the most beautiful green silk parasol she had ever seen. Around the edge hung dainty fringe and on the handle was a delicate tracery of gold flowers.

"And see—the handle folds over so you can pack it in your grip when traveling on the dirty steam coaches," explained Mistress McIntosh. "We must prepare for what is to come, you know. My son believes that will be the principal method of travel some day, but I think the stagecoach will be good enough for me hereafter."

When Patricia Calhoun was as old as the captain's mother and the green silk parasol was faded and worn, she still loved to tell of her first exciting journey on the steam coach.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



JANEY is having a wonderful time at the Fourth of July lawn party.

Her party frock is made of fine lawn, embroidered in pastel colors.

Voile always has an important place in a young person's wardrobe, so Janey has a voile dress made with a clever, pointed yolk, with rows of shirring between each point.

For general wear she has a simple little dress of dotted swiss, trimmed with hand feather-stitching, a small ruffled pocket and satin ribbon bows.

CHILD LIFE can furnish patterns for these cool and charming dresses.

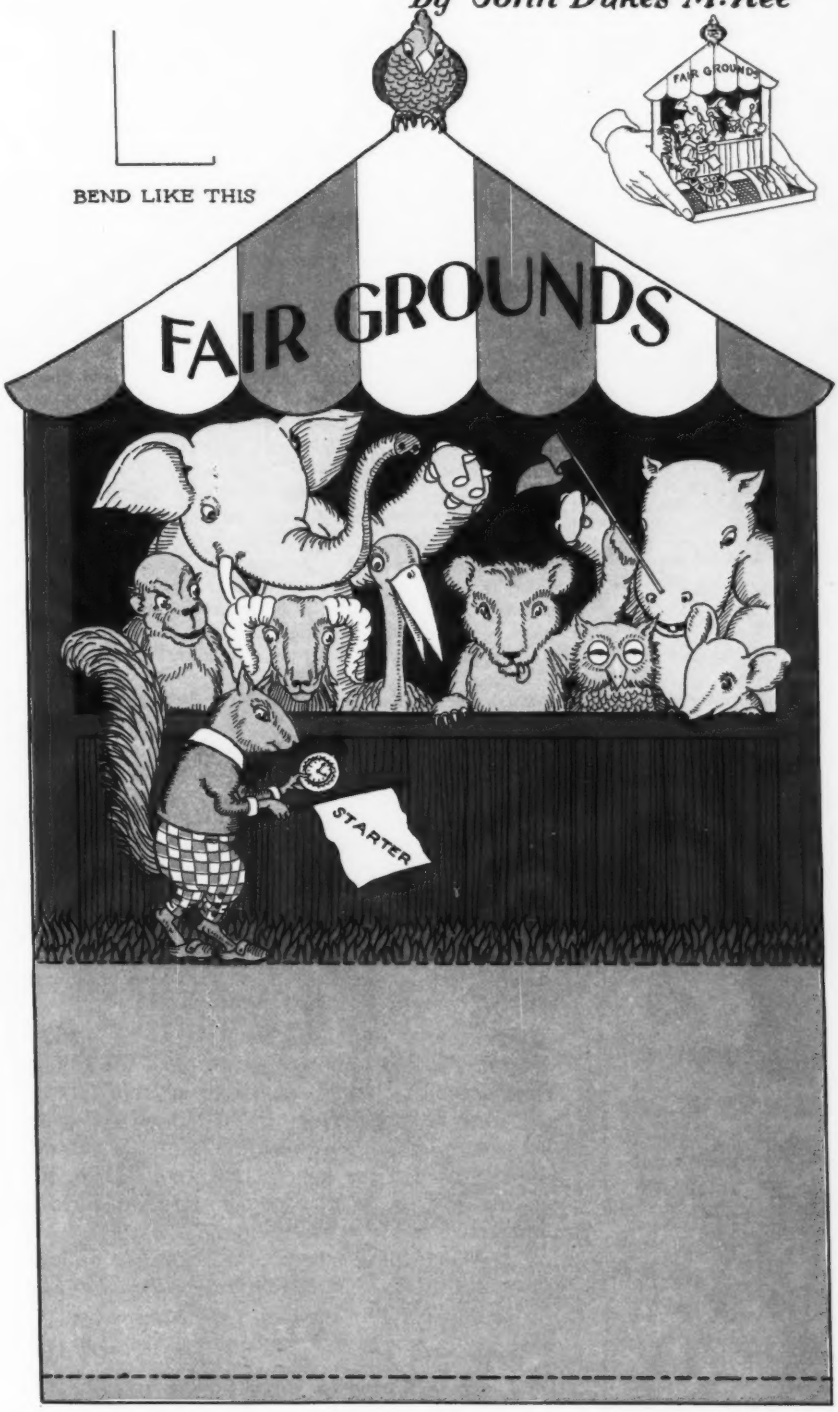
Pattern No. 5373, 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3, and 4 years.
Pattern No. 5732, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.
Pattern No. 5522, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

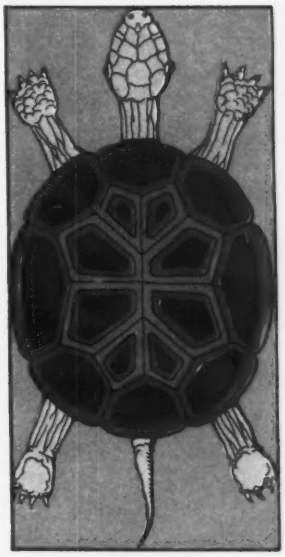
We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

All patterns are 20 cents each

The RECKLESS RACERS!

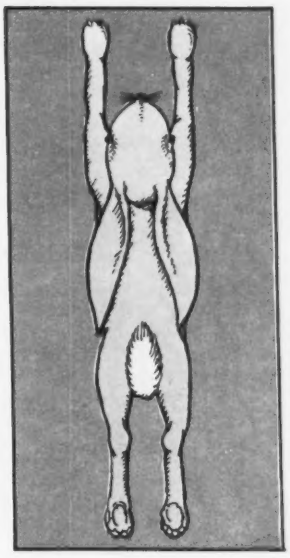
By John Dukes McKee





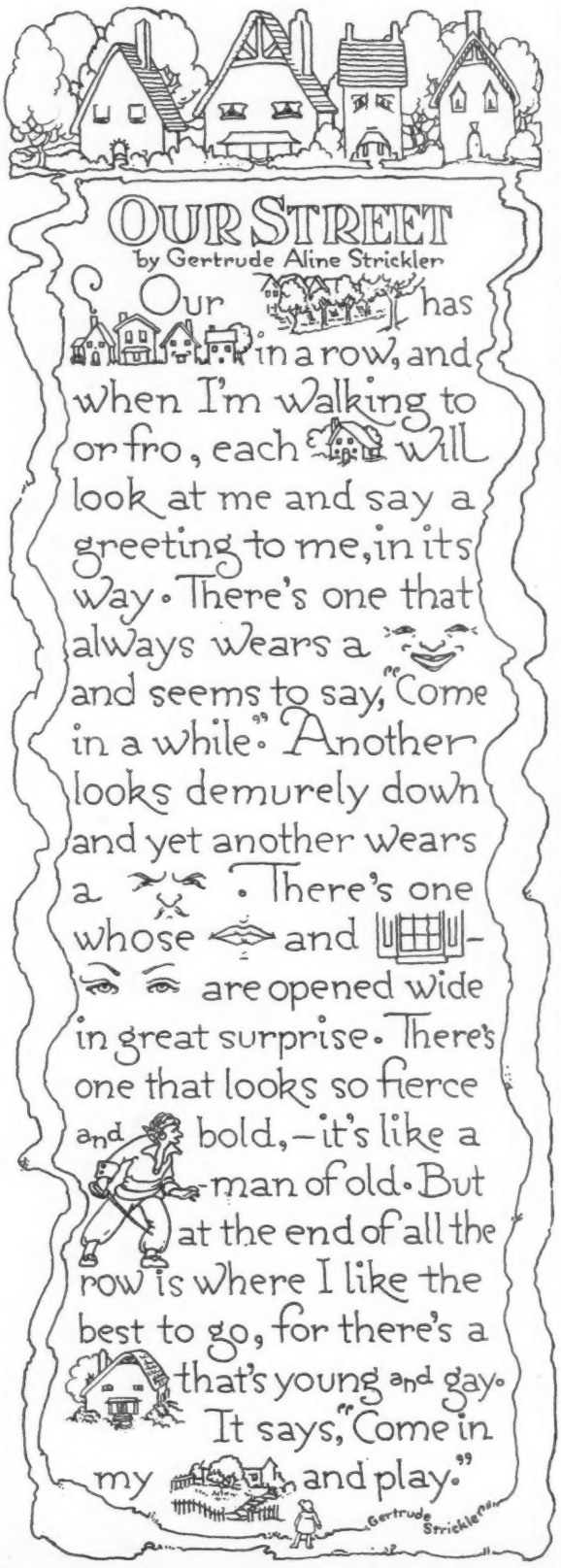
SLOW *and* SURE

FAST *but* LAZY



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on strong paper as heavy as the cover of this magazine or heavier. Make all the pieces. Now bend the large piece, as shown in the diagram. To make them race, place the Hare and the Tortoise on the race track, as shown in the small sketch at right. Hold the toy at the back, as shown, and then push down on the small flap at the front with both forefingers at once. The rivals will spring out and the one who jumps farthest wins.



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(*Continued from page 427*)

RECIPE FOR POTATO SALAD

Select 6 fine, new, medium-sized potatoes. Wash carefully. Drop into a saucepan of boiling water and cook till they are tender when pricked with a fork. This will take 20 to 25 minutes.

Drain off the water and peel the potatoes. To do this, thrust a fork into a potato and with a small knife, pull off the skin. It will come away easily.

Put the potatoes into a bowl and set in a cool place till well chilled.

When cold, cut into small, even pieces one-half inch square or less. There should be about 2½ cupfuls. A trifle more will be quite all right.

Sprinkle 1 teaspoonful of salt over the potatoes and toss through with a fork.

Cut fine, enough celery or cucumber to make 1 cupful. Either vegetable is excellent, or you may use ½ cupful of each, if you prefer.

If your family likes onion flavor, cut enough onion into tiny bits to make 1 tablespoonful. Usually cutting onion brings tears to one's eyes, but if you will fix a deep bowl full of water and cut up the onion under water, it will not sting the eyes at all. It's fun to do, too. The onion seems like a lovely pearl and one's fingers like busy divers, down under the sea.

Drain away any drops of water and mix the onion with the other ingredients.

Add 5 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise (these will have to be rounding spoonfuls, as that is the best way to measure a thick dressing). **With a fork toss the ingredients about until every piece is covered with dressing.**

Fit a cover over the bowl and set the salad in a cool place to chill. It may stay overnight, if necessary.

Wash and chill a few dainty leaves of lettuce. Chill the salad bowl or container.

Boil 2 eggs for 20 minutes. Plunge into cold water and peel. This may be done while the potatoes are cooking, if you like.

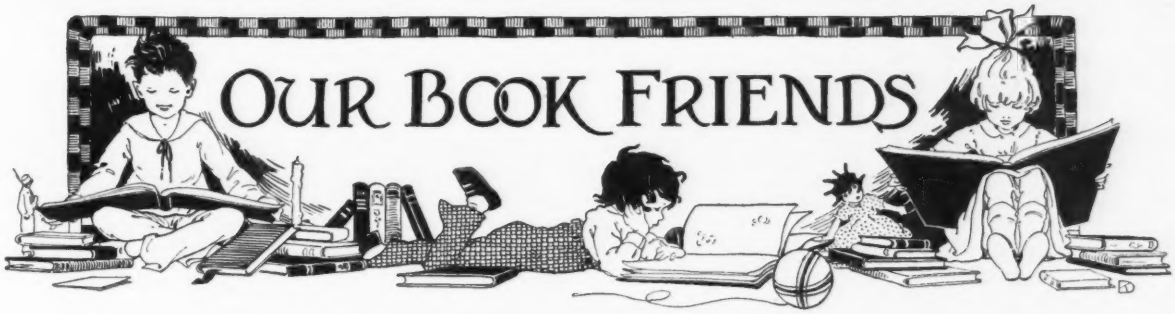
At the last minute before the basket is packed, slice the eggs crosswise into neat rings; arrange the lettuce around the sides of the salad bowl; pour in the salad. Put 3 teaspoonfuls of mayonnaise on the top for a garnish; arrange the egg slices prettily and put tiny leaves of lettuce around the edge. Cover snugly with sheets of paraffin paper and then wrap over with a tea towel and set into the picnic basket. If your family uses a regular picnic hamper; pack the salad in the container instead of a bowl, but garnish it daintily just the same.

There are many nice changes you can make in this salad if you want variety through the summer. Take only 3 potatoes and make up the difference needed to fill 2½ cupfuls with diced, cooked carrots or beets. These vegetables make pretty yellow or pink salads and are fine tasting, too. Then, some day, garnish the salad with thin strips of pickle or pimentos instead of sliced eggs.

For your picnic menu you will like this, we know.

THE FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC DINNER

Meat Loaf Potato Salad
Ham and Pickle Sandwiches
Nut Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Stuffed Olives and Crisp Radishes
Pickled Crab Apples
Chocolate Cake Raisin Cookies
Ice Cream (or fruit), Iced Tea with Lemon Slices or Lemonade



By MARJORIE BARROWS

I'm not in the least in love with life;
I might be, p'raps, if I had a wife
To care for me in a wifely way,
Or a neighbor or two to say good-day,
Or a chum
To come
And give me the news in a friendly talk,
Or share a duet or a meal, or a walk,
But all alone in the world am I,
And I sit in a cave,
And try to behave
As a good Flamp should, with philosophy....

THIS is the song of the Flamp, a terrifying monster, whose good intentions have never been properly understood, until Tilsa and Toby go searching for him, armed with a Flamp compass and salt for the end of his tail. They offer him sympathy and encouragement and this perks him up so he never sings that doleful rhyme again. Instead, he feeds them some lovely pink smush and grows very friendly with all the villagers, guarding them from attacking armies and furnishing shade for picnics on hot summer days.

There are other new book friends that are just as delightfully nonsensical as E. V. Lucas's "Flamp," and "Dame Wiggins of Lee and Her Seven Wonderful Cats"—you all love that book, don't you? For instance, there's Obadiah, Berton Braley's "Enchanted Flivver." He cranks himself up beautifully, and comes when properly called by Trochee Dactyl Spondee, to take Don and his proxy godfather and the awkward Awk to visit S. Claus (and Inc.), Davy Jones, Aladdin & Co. (Builders and Contractors) and other distinguished gentlemen.

Just as fanciful—though in a different way—are the friends you'll meet in a lovely new edition of George MacDonald's classic, "The Princess and the Goblin." Of course, you'll have to keep remembering that the little Princess's wonderful adventures with Curdie and her godmother and the goblins aren't really true—then you'll only get pleasant Halloween shivers over a few parts that are a bit scary.

Still another type of fanciful story you will find in the old Greek myths. All their magic has been caught for younger readers in "A Child's Book of Myths" by Margaret Evans Price. This book is simply written and beautifully illustrated, and introduces us to the wise and wonderful old stories about Phaeton and his sun chariot, Atalanta and the golden apple, winged Pegasus, and other book friends, who have been loved throughout the ages. Mrs. Price's "Enchantment Tales" go on to tell us about such magic folk as Orpheus with his lute, Dryope who lived in a lotus tree, King Midas with his golden touch, and Jason, who sailed away to find the Golden Fleece. Older boys and girls who want to read more about these imaginary folk and who wish to be thrilled and inspired by the brave deeds of such heroes as William Tell, Robert Bruce, Roland and Robin Hood, will delight in the "Young Folks Book of Epic Heroes," a volume that belongs to grown-ups as well.

Choose among these stories the ones you like best and then you, too, may set sail upon the seas of fancy to your own particular Bookland.

FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

The Flamp, and Other Stories - - - - - - - *E. V. Lucas*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Enchanted Flivver - - - - - - - - - - *Berton Braley*
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

Dame Wiggins of Lee and Her Seven Wonderful Cats
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

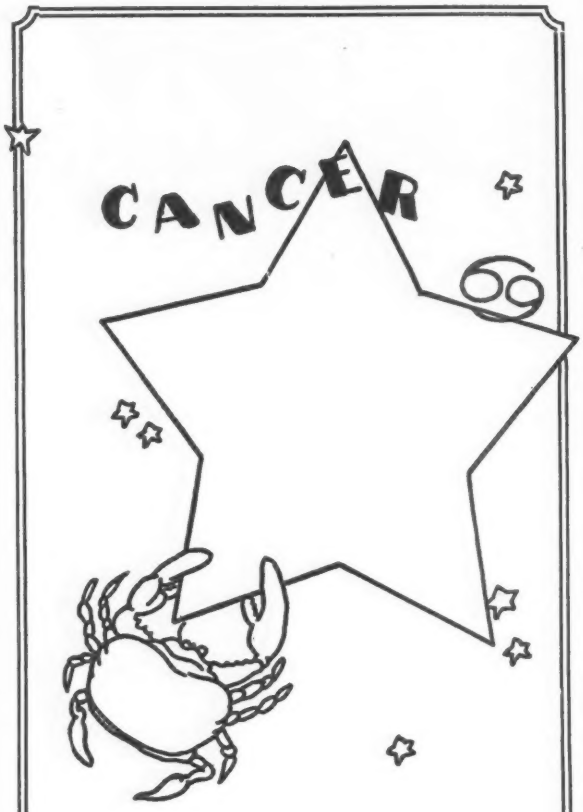
The Princess and the Goblin - - - - - *George MacDonald*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

A Child's Book of Myths - - - - - *Margaret Evans Price*
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Enchantment Tales - - - - - - - - *Margaret Evans Price*
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

The Young Folks' Book of Epic Heroes - - - - *Amy Cruse*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Birthday Album



JULY

The child with birthday in July
  Should wear a ruby red,
And colors green and russet brown
  Are best for him, it's said.
The water lily's fragrant bloom
  Will bless him with its sweet perfume.

BIRTHDAY ALBUM

To make the CHILD LIFE Birthday Album, trace the illustration given each month in an attractive scrapbook and copy the verses for the month beneath the picture. On the reverse side of the page—or on the following page—paste snapshots of the members of your family and friends who were born during that month and have them write their names and the dates of their birthdays. On the cover of your album, draw three stars somewhat smaller than the one in the illustration. In two of these paste photographs of your father and mother; in the third, paste a picture of yourself. If you prefer, you may buy several gilt stars the proper size at a paper novelty or stationery store, and either paste your photographs on these, or cut out the center of the stars, tracing around a coin to make your circle perfectly round, and paste the stars over your pictures, so that the edges will form frames. At the end of the year, you will have a horoscope for each month, and your album will be complete.

ONCE UPON A FOURTH OF JULY

(*Continued from page 434*)

Mr. Joynes and Cornelia and Clarence and Sally and Cissy and Hugh. And every Joynes saw Derek and every Joynes cried right out loud, "*Why, Derek Brown!*"

Derek grinned, and the kind-faced man with the white hair witnessed the little scene and straightway he dropped his hand on Derek's shoulder and whispered, "Bud, suppose you call your friends up here. You might lose them in the crowd."

Derek beckoned to the Joynes'. The kind-faced man with the white hair said something and a way was made for Derek's friends to come up on the grand stand. And the shouting and the crashing martial music of the brass band went on. Then suddenly there was an abrupt stop, and the next thing the band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner." Everybody was singing. Derek let his strong young voice ring out as it had never done before, and the kind-faced man with the white hair also was singing with his hand still upon Derek's shoulder. After it was over the Joynes' reached Derek's side.

"Oh, Derek," began Cornelia, "we were so sorry."

"Well, it turned out all right," said Derek.

"I guess it did," giggled Cornelia.

"Only I wanted to see the Governor," said Derek.

And the kind-faced man with white hair smiled down at Derek and said, "Bud, I am the Governor."

For a moment Derek was too embarrassed to speak, but suddenly with his face all a-grin he looked up and said, "I wonder what my grandfather will say when I tell him the Governor brought me to Tiverton for the Fourth of July!"

"What is your name, Bud?" asked the Governor.

"Derek Brown," said Derek.

"Well, Derek," said the Governor, "you tell your grandfather that you brought the Governor to Tiverton for the Fourth of July celebration."

STAR STUDY

(*Continued from page 442*)

Have you noticed the lovely Evening Star shining so brightly in the western sky? It is not a star at all, but it is the planet we call Venus. We see Venus in the west just after the sun goes down and speak of it as the Evening Star, or we see it in the east just before the sun comes up and call it the Morning Star.

Pegasus—pĕg-à-sŭs
Andromeda—ăn-drŏm-ê-dà
Perseus—pûr´-sūs
Medusa—mē-dū´-sà
Algol—ăl´-gŏl
Aries—ā´-rĭ-ēz
Cetus—sē-tŭs
Pisces—pĭs´-ēz
Aquarius—a-kwā´-rĭ-ŭs
Fomalhaut—fō-mal-o



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NIGHT

After the heat of a summer day,
After the rain, when the sky is gray,
After the hustle and bustle of day
Comes beautiful, wonderful night.

JEAN MILLER,
Age 9. Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have just come home from a camp in N. Falmouth, Massachusetts. I had a wonderful time. We lived in bungalows—four in a bunk and a counselor. My counselor's name was Miss Heald and my bunk mates were Shirley Williams, Peggy McDowell and Muriel Foster. We had horseback riding, swimming, dancing, boating, dramatics, nature, crafts, athletics, and canoeing. The final week we had a day for swimming, riding, water carnival and dramatics. I was in the riding exhibition. We had to trot, gallop and stop our horses at halt and make a circle. The last night we had a banquet and we had everything to eat, and after our eats the cups and medals and life-saving pins were awarded. We went on trips, also. We went to Plymouth and we went to the monument and had our lunch. We went in Pilgrim Hall and to the cemetery and saw the oldest graves. We had a wonderful time. Please have this letter published and please, Joy Givers, write to me. I will be glad to hear from you and I will answer you.

Lovingly,
Your Joy Giver.

ELIZABETH S. CVAK,
Age 12. Meridian, Conn.



JANE AND MARY FENNELLY

MY GARDEN

In my little garden there is a yellow path.
And my little garden is divided in half
By the yellow path.
In the summer time I sit under the tree,
And read my pretty books with happiness and glee.
In my little garden there are flowers for you and me.

MARGARET PEMBROKE THOM,
Age 8. Baltimore, Md.

FISHING

Summer's come! Summer's come!
And now's the time for fishing.
I'll throw my fishline in and out
In hopes that I will catch a trout.

PAUL LESSARD,
Age 9. Corunna, Mich.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

We had such a nice Christmas and Santa Claus brought us lots of things—a tree, sled, dolls, lots of books, skates and, best of all, bicycles.

We are having tests now and hope to pass into high second grade.

Thank you for CHILD LIFE. It is just what we like most.

With love,
JANE FENNELLY,
Age 7. Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

The Danger PERIOD *Begins at* 10



From then until maturity you must guard children from the menace of goiter

BOYS usually contract goiter at 10—girls at 12. From then until maturity, its menace is ever present.

Caused by an insufficiency of iodine in foods and drinking water, goiter is one of the most common causes of physical and mental backwardness among school children.

In many communities as high as 70% of the children are afflicted with goiter. Needlessly, too, for the regular use of iodized salt will usually prevent it.

Morton's Iodized Salt is made by restoring Nature's iodine to our famous salt that pours. It looks no different, tastes no different, costs no more.

Get Morton's Iodized Salt today and use it for every salt purpose. Also mail coupon for booklet on goiter prevention.

MORTON'S IODIZED SALT



FREE! Morton Salt Co. Dept. 82, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE copy "The Prevention of Simple Goiter."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

A DAY'S ADVENTURE

I was spending my vacation with my Auntie in a little out-of-a-way town in Kansas. My Auntie's house stood by a stream. It was a quiet place. The only noise you could hear was the water running over the rocks in the stream. My friend and I were having an interesting time exploring the country. I came down to breakfast one morning and my Auntie asked me if I would like to go to the forest to-day, as it was very beautiful this time of year. I was overjoyed at the thought. In a few minutes I was on my way.

I took the path that ran by the stream. There were many beautiful flowers there, and of course I, being from the city, had to pick some. I was just in the act of picking a daisy, when I heard a noise. Leaving the flower unpicked I ran to where I thought the noise came from. Looking up into an old stump of a tree, I saw a woodpecker struggling with all his might, with a big ugly black snake clinging around the poor bird's neck. I was frightened; my first thought was stones. I picked up a handful of stones and began throwing them as fast as I could. Just as I was ready to give up, I hit the snake. It let go of the woodpecker. As the woodpecker lay on the ground it looked as if it were dead. I picked it up carefully and examined it. It opened its eyes and looked up at me.

I laid it in the soft grass, and in a few minutes it flew away into the sunset. As I was going home the water splashed over the stones. It grew dark, though in a few minutes I was home, and welcomed by a hot supper and a roaring fire.

HELEN MARIE ANDERSON,
Age 12. Whittier, Calif.

THE GREAT OUTSIDE WORLD

Outside is a world, great for both you and me,
To this world there is a sun which gives us light and no gloom,
And a moon which also gives us light to see,
But the sun by which we all play does the most for us all.
When we are a-playing about in the dark
Is it not the fun to watch the stars a-spark?
They are like little specks a-traveling across the sky,
They are our lights in the dark.

HARRY ROCKOWITZ,
Age 10. Rochester, N. Y.



MARY ANN BENSON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like the continued stories best of all. When CHILD LIFE comes I start from the front and read to the back. I wish it came every week.

Our neighbors have two dogs; one is a little black one and his name is Curly. The other one is a big dog and he is brown and white, and his name is Timothy. I am sending my picture with Timothy's.

MARY ANN BENSON.
Age 9. Heron Lake, Minn.



Nothing wrong with ***his*** *feet*

His Shoes fit his feet *in action*

TO KEEP foot health, the growing child's foot needs a shoe that fits flexibly. For the foot is flexible. It is composed of 26 moveable bones held in arched formation by muscles. When these muscles are restricted by rigid arch shoes, they weaken. Weak feet, fallen arches and even flat feet often result. Thus a child loses the precious heritage of foot health.

In Cantilever Shoes, boys' and girls' feet can develop naturally. These shoes are made over lasts that accurately follow the lines of the normal foot. They are flexible from toe to heel and fit perfectly because they harmonize so closely with every foot position. All five toes have room to stay straight. The whole foot is accurately fitted and kept in correct shape.

Cantilever Shoes for boys and girls are made in attractive new styles that both parents and children will like. They are durable, well made shoes and are moderately priced. If you do not know where to buy Cantilever Shoes, look in the phone book or write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send you the address of a conveniently located Cantilever Agency.

Cantilever Shoe

For Health and Economy



Men, Women, Children



"When I go out to play—"

Says little Bobby Gerald
"When I go out to play,
I wear my Jantzen Sun-suit
And grow the sunshine way!"

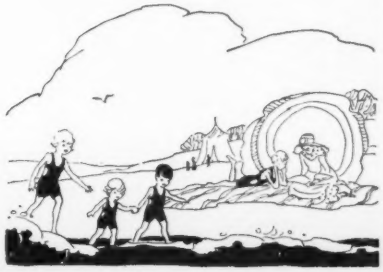
Looks like a swimming suit, doesn't it? And it is one, too. But ooh! How much fun it is to play in this little Jantzen Sun-suit all summer long—free of hot, binding clothes—getting brown and soaking in sunshine—fresh air and health through every pore.

Save laundering. Let the youngsters revel in sunshine, fresh air and health. Jantzen Sun-suits cost but a trifle—yet bring a wealth of pleasure and good health. Color-fast, made of real dyed-in-the-wool yarns, knit the famous Jantzen-stitch way—snug, elastic, perfect-fitting.

Find them wherever Jantzen swimming suits are sold. Ask your merchant for red diving girl sticker or send 4c for two. Style sheet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen Sun-suit
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Designed under the supervision of a noted child specialist.



OUR CAT

We have a little kitty,
Though he's quite a big cat now.
Everybody thinks he's pretty,
And you ought to hear him me-ow.

We want him out at supper time,
But he has just learned now
To open up the screen door
And come in anyhow.

BOBBY RICHMOND,
Age 8. Eugene, Ore.



PAUL JETTE ALEXANDER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Anaconda, Montana, one mile above sea level in the Rocky Mountains. Skating and coasting are our winter sports. In summer, we fish and swim in our streams. Anaconda has the largest copper smelters in the world and the smelters have the tallest smokestack in the world. It is five hundred and eighty-five feet high. It carries away the sulphur smoke. The stack is lit up at night and can be seen many miles away.

I used to read CHILD LIFE at the neighbors', but now I read my own. My father gave it to me for a Christmas present. Oh, boy, I was glad! I have read "The Price of the Parrot-Swan" and it is the best story I have read. I am sending you a picture of myself to put in CHILD LIFE. And, please, may I be a member of the Joy Givers' Club?

Your friend,
PAUL JETTE ALEXANDER,
Age 9. Anaconda, Mont.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I took a trip for three days. First, we visited the Iron Range and I watched the men dig iron. It was very interesting. From the Range, we went to Bemidji, Minnesota, which is a great lumbering town. There are many Indians there. And then I visited their park. They have a number of animals. There are a mother deer and two little fawns, a black bear, a timber wolf, a porcupine, a beaver, a moose, an elk, a hawk, a Chinese pheasant, a mother rabbit and eleven little bunnies.

From Bemidji Park, I went to the State Park, and I enjoyed the tall, thick pines at the park. Everything is natural there, and there is a hotel that is made of logs, and also the confectionery and many cottages. They have a large elk and several deer.

Then I went to the very beginning of the Mississippi River, which is very small. You would never think it was so large to see the beginning. From the very beginning of the river, it is 4,221 miles to the Gulf of Mexico.

From here, we went home, and I would be very much pleased to see and read my story printed in CHILD LIFE.

LORAINE E. MCCREA,
Age 10. Staples, Minnesota.

Boys and Girls

Equally pleased with the Joy-Producing



SAMSONKAR

RIDES like a flash, ten miles an hour and the rowing motion is the greatest health-builder ever known. Rides easy, no danger of tipping, and every muscle is brought into play.

Girls or boys from 5 to 12 combine pleasure and exercise in proper proportion on a SAMSONKAR.

And—it's as dressy as a sport car; blue and red in color; disc wheels and easy riding tires. Youngsters never tire of it and it never tires them.

In use in every state in the Union and not a complaint made by any rider. Guaranteed for 12 months. Wherever you go you see them—wherever you see them they "Go."

If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon below and we will ship all charges paid. The price is in keeping with the character of the construction.

THE SAMSON MFG. CO. Date.....
310 Cliff St., Springfield, Ohio
Send a SamsonKar ($15.00) all charges paid, to address below.

Name.....

Street.....

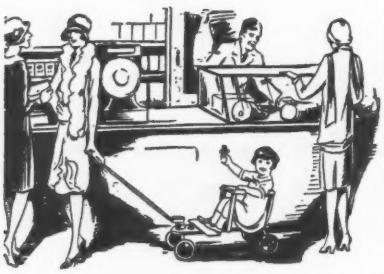
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Check in space below whether cash is sent, or shipment is to be made C. O. D.

☐ Check accompanies order.
☐ Ship C. O. D.
☐ Have asked dealer to order for me.

Dealer's Name .....

City..... State.....



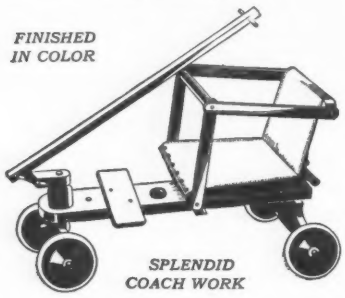
happy comfort

Take baby along—to market, a-visiting, with utter safety and absolute comfort—in

Tiny Toter

Soft canvas seat and back. No sharp corners to cut into tender flesh. Low-swung — can't tilt — won't upset. Tested to 175 lbs. Rigid side-arms—no corners to pinch fingers!

FINISHED IN COLOR



SPLENDID COACH WORK

Sturdy construction—splendid coach work. One-piece rubber tires. Disc wheels. Full graphite lubrication for wheels and steering knuckle. FINISHED IN COLORS — red with orange wheels or green with red running gear.

Folds small. Weighs little. Very compact—easily carried on train, bus or street car. Fine for picnics and outdoor parties.

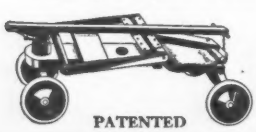
Sold in infants' departments, specialty shops and hardware stores—or, we ship direct, *prepaid*, on receipt of usual retail price, $5.50.

FREE TRIAL: Use Tiny Toter three days. If it isn't exactly what you want, send it back, parcel post prepaid, and we'll return your money.

Write for circular today!

Tiny Toter Company
Box 8
Greenville, Ohio

Tiny Toter is big enough for most youngsters up to 5 or 6 years



PATENTED

Folds small; weighs little.

THE LARK

Down by the brook there was a lark,
Down by the brook, all smooth and dark.

Down by the brook she sat so neatly,
Down by the brook she sang so sweetly.

There she sat with feathers bright,
Down by the brook that summer night.

GRACE LOUISE YANTIS,
Age 9. Olympia, Wash.



GRACE LOUISE YANTIS AND HER BROTHERS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on a farm in Olympia. I was nine Decoration Day. I have two brothers. One is seven and the other is eleven. We all like CHILD LIFE. We have two cats. One is named "Rusty," and the other's name is "Me-ow." We used to have two dogs, but one of them died. The one that died was named Bob. The other one is Scotty.

Yours truly,
GRACE LOUISE YANTIS,
Age 9. Olympia, Wash.



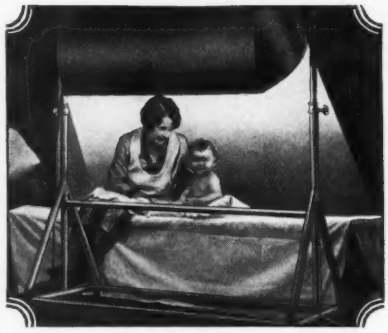
MARCELLA ROTH

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a small picture of myself. To-morrow, I am going to a public playground to tell a story to the children. Then, I will go to the radio station and read a story out of CHILD LIFE.

Well, I will close.

MARCELLA ROTH,
New Orleans, La.



for Children!

Now!—A Safe New Way to Robust Health and Vigor!

MEDICAL authorities now fully realize the great value of sunlight in building robust health in delicate children.

10 minutes a day with the Battle Creek SunArc Bath kills disease germs, stimulates body functions, promotes growth and vigor. Children thrive under its health-bringing rays. *Ask your Doctor!*



Note the effects of sunlight on plant-life. Sunlight supplies energy, kills bacteria, promotes growth.

At the snap of a switch this electric appliance provides sunlight that is practically identical with the natural rays—provides it EVERY DAY—right in your own home.

If your children are subject to colds, are listless, lack appetite, have low resistance to disease—get the facts about this scientific new method. Send TODAY for our *free book*—Sunshine and Health.



SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Dep't 11 Battle Creek, Mich.

Battle Creek SunArc Bath

SUNSHINE AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

MUSIC TALKS

with

HENRY P. EAMES

at the Piano

For dates and details address Mrs. Eames

(*Mr. Eames is in Europe*)

American Conservatory, Kimball Hall
CHICAGO

MERRY SUMMER

In early, early summer,
When the weather is so fine,
You can hear the brooks murmur,
In good old summer time.

When the children out-of-doors are playing,
And the yard has a carpet of green,
The children from their homes are straying,
To hide where they cannot be seen.

The birds are singing their sweetest songs,
The bees are humming a tune,
The smith is busy with his tongs,
With never a thought of gloom.

The roses are wet with morning dew,
The lilies are drooping their heads,
The violets with their eyes of blue
Look up from their mossy beds.

Across the meadow green and fair
Are the woods with their shady nooks,
And songs of birds now fill the air,
Like stories in picture books.

RUTH HYDE,
Age 9. Kewanee, Ill.



ELIZABETH A. SHELDON

My dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken CHILD LIFE four years and I have enjoyed every issue.

I have two brothers and one sister. I am in the center of the picture, lying down. On my right is the youngest of our family, Fred. Harriet is the other. This picture was taken about one hundred feet from our front porch. The water we are swimming in is a bay leading from the Pacific Ocean. Almost every day in summer we swim.

There is an Army Post one-third of a mile from here. There are about two hundred men over there. Most of the people there swim, too.

There is an automobile road here, leading to the Canadian border, forty-two and one-half miles long. I have been there many times.

Most people think of Alaska as all ice and snow, but our thermometers have reached 80 degrees above zero many times this summer.

Your friend,
ELIZABETH A. SHELDON,
Age 12. Haines, Alaska.

THE COW

I met a cow one day,
And I gave her some hay;
And, oh how she could chew!
She seemed to say, "Thank you."

MARY RAUCH,
Age 8. Renovo, Penn.

Peter Pan Play House

fun to set up
fun to play in

Costs but little—worth a lot

Send for full information



Big enough to walk around in; girls "keep house" in it, have a table and chairs for tea parties, and put up shelves; boys find it a "swell" hunter's cabin; and it has many obvious advantages over a cave or "shanty."

A Real Play House—
Weather Tight and Roomy

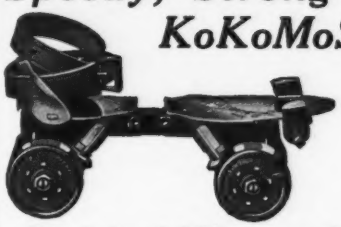
Peter Pan Play House stands 6 by 4 feet on the ground and is 5½ feet high. Doors and windows are open, but easily screened. All lumber is cut to size; siding is stained rustic brown, roof is green. Everything is furnished but a hammer—full directions for erection included. A 9 or 10 year old boy can put it up. Inexpensive! If a carpenter built it, it would cost twice as much; and you'd miss half the fun. Send the coupon today for picture in full color.

PETER PAN BUILDERS,
509-C Security Building,
Davenport, Iowa

Please send me a picture in natural colors, and full information about Peter Pan Play House.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Speedy, Strong—
KoKoMoS!



The choice of children everywhere, because of truss-frame construction, self-contained ball bearing wheels and "rocking chair" movement. (Also made in Junior model for little tots. Rigidly constructed. Broad toe strap can't slip or damage shoes.)



If your dealer can't supply you, they will be shipped prepaid on the receipt of the following prices.

KoKoMo Regulars $2.25
Rubber Tired KoKoMoS 3.50
KoKoMo Junior 1.75

KoKoMo

KOKOMO
Stamped Metal
Company
Kokomo, Ind.

Babette
A Capitol SILK

This Label Means
Better Baby Clothes

Of all the silks in the world, only *Babette* is made especially for infants' and children's wear. Sturdy, pure and firm to retain its rich beauty through hard wear and frequent washings. Demand garments bearing the *Babette* label ... you will be surprised at their reasonable price.

CAPITOL SILK CORPORATION
171 Madison Ave. New York City
Specialists in Silks of Radium Construction



MIDGET NAME CARDS
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1⅜x⅞, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c, name only. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satifaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC.
118 S. Market Square - Harrisburg, Pa.

Children Can Easily Hang Up Pictures with
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
Safely Hold Heavy Pictures
10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FUNNY PAPER FILE

Children never tire of looking at funny pictures no matter how old they are. A child six years old can file them and there is room for a years funnies in book form. Send $2.00 for one sent by parcel post post-paid.

PRESTON, *The Kiddies Friend* Workshop Elliott, Illinois



Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 126 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live near the Itasca State Park. Last summer some of our friends were here. We went up to the Park and we stopped at Peace Pipe Springs and got a drink. You have to go down seventy-two steps to get there.

Then we went on and saw a beaver farm. We came back and saw the Indian mounds. It was nearly noon, so we started out to find a place to eat our dinner. There were two car-loads of us. When we got to the place where we were going to have dinner, we met another car-load. After dinner, we went down a steep hill to see Elk Springs by Elk Lake.

Then we went on to Lake Itasca and went on a large boat around the lake. It took us an hour to go around the lake.

We had supper, then went to see the elks. There were two, one big one and one little one. We crossed the Mississippi five times. It was late, so we set out for home.

ALMEDA YOUMANS,
Age 10. Arago, Minn.

THE GIRL SCOUTS AT THE GLEN

About one hundred and sixty-five girls left Glendale on August sixteenth, bound for the Girl Scouts' summer camp at the Glen. The last car arrived about noon. We did not start on regular schedule until the next day. About one o'clock in the afternoon the camp cooks had lunch ready. We all ate heartily after a three hour drive over the Ridge Route. After lunch we unpacked and got settled in tents. For the rest of the day we could do anything we wanted to. Some went swimming, some read in their tents or visited their friends. We were called to supper by the bugle at 6.00 P.M., and scout songs were sung by the different troops. After supper the fathers who were there built a big bonfire. We all gathered around it and sang songs. We went to bed at nine.

The next day we got up at 6.30, dressed and were ready for the raising of the flag and setting-up exercises by 7.00. We had breakfast at 7.30 and free hour till 9.30. Then we had assembly till 10.00. At 10.00 we had classes in dramatics, nature study, signaling and star-gazing or first aid. These lasted until 12.00. Then we had lunch. After lunch we had to rest for an hour. After rest hour we could go swimming. Then we had free hour until supper time. Now I shall tell you about Court of Honor.

Court of Honor is a meeting of the patrol leaders and the leader of the camp. At Court of Honor we discussed things that had come up during the day. Each perfect patrol got twenty-five points every day and the patrols that had the highest number of points at the end of the week had a party.

Sincerely,

BARBARA BIRD,
Age 12. Glendale, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have not seen many children from Maine writing to CHILD LIFE, so I shall tell you a little about this state.

Many people from different states come to Maine, for it is a lovely summer resort.

Maine is like a large forest. You are hardly ever out of sight of a tree. I live in the city of Bath. In winter you have very good times, too, for there are many hills that we go coasting and skiing on. There is skating, too, so you see it is very much fun in both winter and summer. There are many places to go bathing in Maine.

Your loving friend,

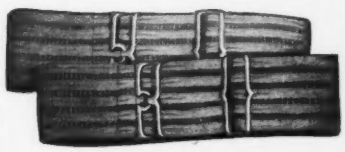
ADA Y. GREENBLATT,
Age 12. Bath, Maine.

Knicker Boston's Just like Dad's

Knicker Bostons in plain and fancy webbings for the knicker-clad boys and girls, and men and women—50 cents a pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY
BOSTON

Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men





Cinders

in Eyes should be dislodged this soothing way

When you get a cinder in your eye, don't rub. It only makes matters worse. Instead, take a dropperful of soothing, healing *Murine* and thoroughly flush the eye. This will usually remove the offender. *Murine* is guaranteed harmless.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"Pediforme" Shoes

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Teach Your Children How To Put The Best Foot Forward

Parents, take no chances. Buy your children Pediforme Shoes. Orthopedically correct. A size and style for every age and purpose. Before you buy another pair send for

The PEDIFORME Book M

It tells you about your children's feet and how to care for them.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 W. 36th St., New York
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